

BETTELEMANIA: Armies of insects chew through Canadian cash crops

Maclean's

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SPORTS

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**ANN DOWSETT
JOHNSTON**

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From the Editor

The Kremlinology of mastheads

During the old Cold War, Kremlinology was a favourite activity among foreign affairs types around Washington, London and, for that matter, Ottawa. Every May Day, when the Soviet Politburo convened in Red Square to watch the troops march, observers from Western countries carefully examined who stood next to whom, who looked particularly old and infirm, and who might win a rare smile from, say, Leonid Brezhnev or Nikita Khrushchev. As an infernal exercise, it meant everything—in trying to divine the governing pecking order of one of the world's two superpowers—yet nothing, given that the frown on Brezhnev's face when he looked at the cameras alongside him might have come from nothing more than bad bores.

The modern-day equivalent is journalistic mastheads—the pages inside magazines and newspapers that list staff members and their titles. Few people overall pay them heed—but few pages attract more attention among journalists themselves. Like May Day parades, positions are scrutinized carefully, with an eye to who's up, down or supposedly on the way out.

Readers have a right to know who is responsible for the parts of the magazine they like—or dislike—the most. That's why we announce these moves. But those of a more conspiratorial bent will be dismayed to learn that in reorganizing our masthead, no speculation is necessary. Almost all our changes reflect added responsibilities that the people involved have already taken on in previous months. In the new structure, our two Executive Editors—who report directly to the editor—are Bob Lewis and Michael Benedikt. Between them, they have daily operational responsibility for everything from story assignments to copy editing to budgets and labour relations. Our Deputy Editor—who plays a key role in long-term planning—is Peter Kopylovich, who also runs our national and international news coverage. Our

newly appointed Editor at Large is a familiar name to many readers: Ann Dowsett Johnston, who edits our annual university ranking edition and separate guidebooks, continues in those duties. Ann is also a gifted writer, and her new title reflects the fact you now see more of her work featured in the magazine—such as her evocative narrative of college life this week. Meanwhile, Patricia D'Amico, who oversees Arts and Entertainment coverage, becomes an Assistant Managing Editor, while Bernan Woodward, AME in charge of business coverage, now also runs our multimedia Web site. And Chae Johnston, our newly appointed Manager of Editorial Services, will have her hand in virtually every administrative aspect of the magazine.

That's it for staff moves for now—with several exceptions. Next week, we'll announce the appointment of a new Art Director for Maclean's, and discuss some changes to our design process and overall look. As we introduce more photo essays, more illustrations and more contributions by outside writers, we're planning ways to better accommodate such new features.

Meanwhile, those readers who occasionally express a wish to see someone else in the editor's chair—in response to whatever sin we've considered to have committed editorially—won't be satisfied. But those readers who have specifically demanded a different photograph of the editor now get your wish. If that's all it takes to quell complaints, a picture really is worth a thousand words.

Angie Vukobratovic

response@rogers.ca to comment on From the Editor

NEWSROOM NOTES

Children of Lahr

They were the children of the Cold War living on the fringe lines at Canadian Forces Base Lahr, Germany. For many, it was the best of times. They drank their first beer, travelled across Europe and sometimes fell in love. A cover story in the July 30 edition of Maclean's described how many of them are now reconnecting with old friends as a Lahr Web site. The response to the article was overwhelming. Thousands called up the

site, often oblivious to their surroundings, stood reading the article at newsstands. And our former student even drove two hours to get a copy of the magazine.

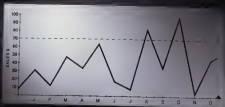
The Web site that created all the fuss was launched in 1997 by Claire Gagné-Arnsauk of Edmonton, a former Lahr resident who just wanted to track down some old friends. But Gagné-Arnsauk wasn't expecting the outpouring of interest that followed publication of the article. In just one week, her site ticked up more



Gagné-Arnsauk

than 6,000 inquiries, a number that would normally take a year and a half to accumulate. She also received accolades from as far away as Dubai, Qatar. "The site's just exploded," says Gagné-Arnsauk, who had to take time off work to handle all the broadcast interviews she's been asked to do. "I thought we'd have a bump in numbers the first day the magazine was out, but nothing like this. It's really a thrill."

Her Web address: www.gagnearnsauk.com/Pages/557204page.html



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Edited by Shanda Denzil with Amy Cameron

NO PAIN, NO GAIN, NO \$

Just because Peter Field makes up one-half of "the world's finest couple" does not mean he's immune to temptations. And, 32, says to each his wife, 34-year-old Lori Bowden—both former *Norfolk* triathlon champions and disaffected consumers of whole-grain breads, fruits and vegetables—at least once every week. "Better days are our cheat nights," he says, referring to their substituted indulgence at the local bar. "We usually have some snacks and beer."

Appropriately, the super fit pair happen to reside in what Statistics Canada recently named the country's fittest city—Victoria. They train full time, waking at 5 each morning to make at their community pool for an hour and a half, then, at ten (usually), they split for three to five hours and follow that up with an hour's run. "Some days, we'll weight train," Lori says, adding that while this may sound like a grueling routine, for them it's simply become a way of life. "There are days when I'll push for eight hours, and then it'll melt just as hard the next day. The body's an amazing thing. It can really adapt."

For Field and Bowden, the regimen pays off in the form of trophies—they count 17 triathlon victories between them—a decent living and good bodies. Field says he averages about 500-600 body fat before a race (well, healthy males carry about 18 to 20 per cent). "Right now," he says of his current nine per cent state, "I'm kinda chunky." Shanda: It's true being off the scales.

Paul Mack/Ramsey

OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

When Jean says laugh...

Carle, he always gets his way!
Fibrom, will he return to run another day? And so this career, wearing the blue coat and radiant smile, the WFF's Ontario representative.

♦ **Jean Carle**: Former Christian aide depicted as bullying Moscovitz in APEC report. Fan guy now works for Montreal's Just For Laughs comedy fest. Ha, Ha.

♦ **Bethesda Stronach**: Daughter of anti-pants from Frank posts second profile in



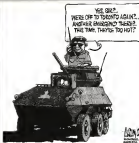
Herb Fibrom
and Jean Carle
at the WFF

first quarter as CEO of his Magna International Inc. Too soon to claim credit, but nice timing.

♦ **Bill Casey**: Toy foreign affairs critic quietly arranges for Jewish and Palestinian legislators to meet in his Halifax home town in October for an all-tourist dialogue.

♦ **Gary Filmon**: Former Manitoba Conservative premier due fine credible name floundered to replace Stock Day and maybe minor rights. But will he risk confronting chaotic Alliance politics?

♦ **Mike Harris**: Ontario premier boss he's no snob at photo op shared at having Winesap/Moskovitz to Toronto. Trouble is, WFF sells violent doses, not down-to-earth fun.



Sound and fury, signifying—d'oh!

A star Rick Miller's Shakespearean career was making a name in his native Montreal—he was playing Second Marston in a 1994-term-long production of *Macbeth*—when he had the moment of inspiration that led to a worldwide hit. A 30-minute party gag—meeting portions of the play in the roles of characters from the popular animated series



When comedy meets tragedy
Macbeth—they're mostly very, very funny. Dialogue is mainly from the Bard, memorably shared to fit its 52 *Simpsons* speakers. ("In this a dagger I see!" modern Hamlet, or, explicitly) And the revised conclusion marks a perfect fusion of sources by Miller. Murdered King Duncan, played by well-known power plant owner Mr. Burns, returns to life and explains it all in Shakespearean-style, funny, complete and *Simpsons*-style endings.

Like I've always said: When the author's dead And you feel you've been duped A little will modify the script

Mark Redman

GAME, SET, SMASH!

Mark Raynes Roberts remembers vividly watching such tennis greats as John McEnroe and Ivan Lendl raise suspense trophies after winning tournaments. Although an all-around player in England and then in Toronto, where he moved in 1982, Roberts did not dream of an career success. Instead he wished for the chance to design a sleeker trophy. His dream is now reality. The 40-year-old crystal sculptor was commissioned to design the trophy for the women's Rogers ATP Cup, being held this week at York University in Toronto. The reward, an 80-cent tennis racket made from the same grade crystal used for the Hubble Space Telescope, is inspired by the myth of King Arthur and the sword Excalibur. As the story goes, only the rightful heir to the throne of England could pull the enchanted sword from the stone in which it was embedded. Similarly, the tournament champion will earn the crystal tennis racket from a granite base. "In essence," says Roberts, "the winner is crowning himself champion."



Everything is crystal clear for Roberts



LEGO MADNESS:
Back by childhood little plastic blocks, the Vancouver LEGO Club reproduced a five-by-four-meter scene of Harry Potter's Hogwarts Express train station using thousands of pieces, including 36 m of LEGO city bricks. Vancouver's Creative examines the display at the Toy Train Operating Society's annual convention in Richmond, B.C., which includes a bright yard, sky train, streetcar tracks, drais to move them by and a diorama complete with an open-air market and hotel.

SIZZLING SUMMER

Whether basking in the scalding sun were wired to drink plenty of water and take longer breaks, as the blazing hot news playing triple sweats of Canada's hottest its first visit—a 44-year-old man working in 43° C temperatures broke a bottle in Baffin, Ont. A heat emergency was declared in Toronto, where record-breaking temperatures forced some city-owned buildings with air conditioning to open their doors to the homeless, who were also being supplied with bottled water.

In Nova Scotia, weather conditions were so dry that it triggered forest fires, forcing the government to outlaw camp fires in provincial parks. And Montreal—where temperatures had been above 30° C for eight days—broke a record when the heat reached 36.1° C. Across the West, the heat appeared almost severe drought conditions. Swarms of locusts appeared have devastated crops, and in some areas images say birds are being afflicted by legs members of starving fly trapping for food. "My image is a brand new," said reporter Dorian Carrigan, who operates a traveling zoo. **Canoebook, B.C.**



Swearing and in St. John's, Nfld., and at a wedding party in Toronto (below) was fun, but ceremonial guards in Ottawa needed extra water to survive.



Guns and the Irish

Brexit stopped the Northern Ireland Assembly of power in an attempt to force the province's bitterly divided Protestant and Catholic parties to come to an agreement on disarmament, or risk returning to permanent rule from London. British and Irish negotiators had hoped both sides would accept a new proposal that would see the Irish Republican Army destroy its weapons in return for sweeping British concessions.

Despite the IRA insisting a statement confirming an earlier pledge to put its arms "completely and verifiably beyond use," Ulster Unionist party chief David Trimble disavowed the promise as just words without any time frame for implementation. The British decision, however, left both sides with its works to reach a decision on disarmament. If they fail, the suc-

cumbly could be permanently dissolved, leaving Northern Ireland open to a return to wide-spread violence.

Gourmet poison

The Canadian Food Inspection Agency issued a warning not to purchase various brands of women, after it was learned they may be contaminated with *Listeria monocytogenes*. The potentially dangerous bacteria, which may not look or smell spoiled, were distrib-

uted under various brands and stamped with a bear-birds label up to and including Aug. 10. Although the agency received no reports of illness, a voluntary recall was issued by the manufacturer, Saskatoon-based Mitchell's Gourmet Foods Inc.

Lumbered—again

The U.S. commerce department has levied a preliminary duty of 19.3 per cent on Canadian softwood-lumber

imports from all provinces outside Atlantic Canada, which may cost Canadian producers \$2 billion a year. Canadian exporters will start off owing \$500 million because the policy is retroactive to mid-May. It is the fourth time in 20 years American producers have challenged Canadian exports. "I'm getting frustrated at having no Americans talk about free trade," said Federal Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew, "but when it comes to action they support the protectionist voices instead of consumers."

Elite-school scandal

A former English teacher at Upper Canada College, one of Canada's most elite schools, has been charged with nine counts of indecent assault, one of gross indecency and two counts of assault stemming from incidents at the school in the 1970s. Douglas Brown, 52, who was released on

\$25,000 bail, was arrested on Aug. 1 after five former students came forward.

Not so cheerful

Women changing in a dressing room while football players spy through a peep hole—sounds like a scene from the hit movie *Boys*. But that's the way two former Philadelphia Eagles cheerleaders are telling it in their lawsuit against 23 visiting NFL teams.

The unnamed plaintiffs claim players repeatedly spy on them through drilled holes in a wall as they changed in their dressing room. The lawsuit seeks damages of \$150,000 from each of the 23 teams. The plaintiffs contend the "ability to peep into the cheerleaders' locker room, and to view them in [various] states of undress, was considered one of the special 'perks' of being a visiting team of the Eagles."

Show us the money

Nova Scotia's black citizens should be compensated for what their leaders say are centuries of discrimination. The push in Nova Scotia is part of a growing international movement to which blacks are wel-

coming reparations against countries that benefited from discrimination. In the United States, the Coalition of Blacks for Reparations is demanding more than \$6 trillion from the federal government. Citing a long list of grievances including chronically high unemployment and lack of educational opportunities, Nova Scotia's 13,000 blacks are seeking a self-unsolicited amount of compensation.

Rebels with a cause

A Sudanese militia group attacked facilities at an official partly owned by Talisman Energy Inc. of Calgary. Although damages were reportedly limited, the rebels threatened more assaults as part of their campaign to drive foreign corporations out of the region. Talisman, operating in Sudan for three years, has faced mounting pressures from human-rights groups to withdraw from the country.

O Canada's OK

Vancouver polling firm Ipsos-Reid found that 77 per cent of English-speaking Canadians don't want a gender-friendly change of the words "in all my soul command" to "in all of us command."



Discussing the newly ethical issue with Pope John Paul II

BUSH PLAYS STEM-CELL SOLOMON

They are, quite possibly, the biological life in all of them. By electrochemical building blocks called stem cells that have the ability to develop into the diverse cellular parts of a human body. And from the moment they were first harvested three years ago from the tissue of a 12-year-old boy, they have achieved some of medical science's greatest dreams. Embryonic stem cells, used the right way and with the appropriate delivery system, may well be the trigger for a second spring to what itself. They may provide the brain to fight off from Alzheimer's disease or Parkinson's. Diabetes, heart and some diseases are also in the pipeline. But with the promise has come an ethical debate of the first order. Boasting around the world from church to state, from the Vatican to the White House, in his first televised address to the American people, U.S. President George W. Bush—desperate to avoid alienating his right-wing base—walked into this much less where politics, science and religion make uncomfortable bedfellows. His solution to allow federal funding for the 80 or so lines of stem-cell research on embryos that have already been destroyed. Or as he put it, "where the life and death decision has already been made." But set to finance research that seeks to harvest stem cells from some of the 180,000 embryos frozen in American fertility clinics.

THE BLAME GAME OVER THE APEC PROTEST

The Montreal bangle, a senior aide to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien threw his weight around angrily and the stamp-headed cop at the centre of the crowd control fiasco—dubbed "Jiffy Pepper" for his ice-spraying ways—was "a second man" backed up by his superior's least planning. This included the two-year, \$10-million inquiry by former justice minister Hughes into the chaotic security operations surrounding the 1993 Asia-Pacific Economic Co-operation conference in Vancouver. Though blame to go around seemed that, various, most of those blamed by the hard hitting report ended up at least some voice in its conclusions.

Staff Sgt. Hugh Sawers, who unleashed a stream of pepper spray on



Lack of planning led to the debacle in Vancouver

seeing protesters and a 7th congressman, said he felt vindicated. Stewart was asked to have signed the fleeing protesters so quickly, Hughes said, but had been put in an impossible situation by his superior. Federal Solicitor General Lawrence Martin said he was pleased the report didn't find that Ottawa tried to shut down the protests either as some alleged. And the RCMP vowed to review its security planning—this time to include the views of their officers on the front lines. Still upset, federal opposition parties continue to want Chrétien to fully examine what his role is setting security policy, at varying least, to apologize for the billboards of his men under siege in late 1993. But the anti-violence protesters who sparked the lengthy demand the report, saying it failed to address the role Chrétien's office may have played in the debacle.



BLOOD AND REVENGE

A restaurant in Jerusalem was filled with Israelis when a Palestinian suicide bomber struck killing at least 35 people in a shocking blast, here it happened immediately following a Palestinian police officer had earlier in the Beirut House—



Photo: David Johnson/Alberta Forestry Centre

Bug Wars

By KEN MACQUEEN

What's bugging Canadians this summer goes beyond the usual seasonal vexation of picnic ants and maddening mosquitoes. Bane global warming, drought or natural productive cycles, but insect infestations of new biological proportions are being visited upon populations across the country.

Each region has its own to bear. In the Maritimes, army worms caterpillars munch through grain and hay in southwestern Ontario, dense clouds of flying green aphids descend on fields of soybeans. In sections of Alberta and western Saskatchewan, farmers already battling drought face a plague of crop-eating grasshoppers. In British Columbia and parts of Alberta, the mountain pine beetle lays waste to vast stands of lodgepole pine—a B.C.'s primary timber resource. Sheila Munro of the forest industry-sponsored Mountain Pine Beetle Emergency Task Force calls it the largest in-

sect infestation in Canadian history. "We have something here we've never seen the scale of before—wider the size of Vancouver Island and growing," she says. "This, in our view, is a state of emergency."

The masses of these pests, and a host of lesser ones, are largely unfamiliar. Their impact, though, is enormous. The army worms, a dark five-centimetre-long pest with a yellow strip down its back, destroyed 50 hectares of forage on Andy Babop's 150-hectare farm in Antapolski Rural, N.S. "If you were quiet, you could hear them eating," he says. "It's eerie."

Babop defoliated a grain crop. He spent \$2,000 on spray pesticides. But one field was already trampled bare—"Just like you were in a desert," he says. Erik Gorgeson, an entomologist with Nova Scotia's natural resources department, blames last winter's heavy snowfall for protecting the worms from a killing frost. "I don't think it's been this bad since the 1960s," he says.

Insecticide spraying thinned army worm damage in Prince Edward Island to about 1,200 hectares. Harder hit was New Brunswick, where 12,000 hectares of

grass and forage crops were affected before the worms finished their feeding frenzy and burrowed into the ground in preparation for a second year's survival.

In Alberta, the grasshopper infestation bodes poorly for next year as the insects munch crops, raise and lay eggs. Hardest hit now are the area around Hays, 250 km northeast of Calgary, and regions north and west of Edmonton, where the swarms destroyed entire alfalfa crops. Dan Johnson, a scientist with Agriculture Canada's Lethbridge Research Centre, found as many as 200 grasshoppers per square metre nibbling on ripening fields of barley and wheat. Johnson's been tracking the infestation all year, filing reports on Agriculture Canada's Web site. If dry conditions prevail next spring, he warns, "All indications so far are for increased numbers of grasshoppers in 2002."

Yet even the localized grasshopper infestations pale in cost and scale compared to the damage done to B.C. forests by the mountain pine beetle, a mouth-brush-sized bug with a killer work ethic. Viewed from the air, their impact is deceptively beautiful: a canopy of red trees stretches to the horizon in areas of the central interior B.C. Unfortunately, this is not an autumn scene in a deciduous forest. The red needles indicate the infested pines are dead after burrowing beetles severed the water supply lines snaking from roots to branches. They're dying at a rate far beyond the province's capacity to cut timbers and sawing them of massive wildfires.

"It's hard to believe the millions of trees just laying waste," says Greg Jadryk, president of the Northern Forest Products Association, whose members cut 23 per cent of Canada's softwood

timber. "It's a sight unlike anything I've seen." The beetle infests about \$4.2 billion worth of timber—500,000 hectares of trees within an area of 5.7 million hectares. And as bad as it is now, it could be much worse next year. Unless the bugs are killed this winter by an increasingly rare cold snap dropping to at least -30 C, little can stop an estimated fourfold growth next year.

One of the first acts of the provincial Liberal government sworn in this June was to create a task force to consult with industry and 30 affected northern communities and draft a pine beetle strategy by mid-September. Experts concede there's not much likelihood of a universally accepted strategy of mitigating the damage. If a tree falls in a B.C. forest, it doesn't need to make a sound. A cacophony of voices speak on its behalf.

The provincial government has already boosted the allowable annual cut in Crown forests in the worst-hit areas, and industry has dismissed 3,400 workers. Some are salvaging dead wood before it dries and loses its timber value or becomes a fire risk. Others conduct "sanitation harvesting" to remove small infested patches before the beetles spread. Environmental groups such as the David Suzuki Foundation call that a panicked response that will leave a swath of clearcuts and environmentally damaging logging roads while doing little to solve the problem. Talk of timber groundsless, says Rastine Dwyer, a forest ecologist with the foundation. The beetles naturally occur in pine forests, though in far lower numbers. "This outbreak is not an ecological crisis, per se," Dwyer says. "It's essentially a timber supply crisis."

Timber supply, however, supports 25,000 families in affected communities and pays billions in royalties into provincial coffers. "There are three main areas that have pine forests in British Columbia: six, mountain pine beetle and emerald," says John Borlén, a forest entomologist at Simon Fraser University. "We're in competition with the other two." And facing poorly.

Borlén fears the epidemic is an advanced stage of cancer. "It's an absolutely extraordinary economic threat to our northern forests and to our way of life in British Columbia," he says. As with cancer, he favours a multi-pronged attack treating newly infested trees with herbicide, cutting living infested trees and ignoring for now the dead timber.

Then there are other problems. Industry wants reductions in federal aid to replant ravaged forests. There aren't enough mills in B.C. to turn the infested trees into lumber. Nor will the key U.S. market allow a flood of Canadian wood. Instead, researchers are seeking ways to store and stop the decomposition of millions of square metres of logs. That may mean keeping mountain pine logs for years under asphalt or submerged in reservoirs until they can be sold as timber.

As in other regions this summer, Borlén marvels at the dry cause of all this havoc. "They're pretty insignificant when you hold them in the palm of your hand," he says, "but collectively, they're a natural wonder."

Fire rages in a B.C. forest that the mountain pine beetle (enlarged above) had previously ravaged



Photo: Chris Lumbie in Halifax

Conquering the WAVES

By BARBARA GUNN

In the late afternoon of Aug. 16, 1951, Winnie Roach Leuzler joyfully approached the end of her marathon swim across the English Channel. With the English coast less than 100 m away, Leuzler savored winning the race over 19 other competitors, collecting the \$1,000 first prize, and, most important, becoming the first Canadian to cross the Channel. She even dreamed of basking in the national—and international—glory bestowed upon marathon swimmers at the time. The 25-year-old mother of three small girls had overcome numerous trials since stepping into the water in Cap Gris-Nez, France, at 7:30 that morning. Her left eye almost swollen shut by a jellyfish sting, she had fought through frigid currents and waves twice her height. But all that, she thought, was now behind her as the Dover town came into view.

In the vessel that accompanied her—a rowboat carrying her father, and a seven-meter fishing boat, aptly named the *Perseus*—the excitement was electric for the Toronto native on pace to swim the Channel in record time. “I had the men’s record by half an hour and the women’s by 3½ hours,” recalls Leuzler, who now lives in Port Coquitlam, B.C. But greater focus intervened. “I’m just about ready to finish,” she murmured, “and guess what, the tide turns.” At first unaware that the waters were carrying her back into the Channel, Leuzler soon began to realize something was horribly wrong. Her companions became quiet. The jubilation evaporated. “And slowly,” she says, “I knew the drift was going further and further away.”

Fifty years separate this day from this, but Leuzler can still remember the negative public reaction when she agreed to accept

an invitation by the London *Daily Mail* to attempt the cross-Channel swim. “Although it had been sworn before, crossing the Channel was supposed to be the greatest feat of the time,” she says. “But people thought, ‘Here was a young woman with three children. How was she going to do it?’” That skepticism was not shared by Leuzler’s family. They knew the had been dreaming of conquering the Channel for

most of her life, or at least since the day when, as a nine-year-old, she won her first medal in a 2.4-km race. The bedtime stories about marathon swimming that her father, Eddie Roach, had told her now seemed a real possibility. Roach coached his daughter at Toronto’s Maple Leaf Swim Club and had watched her go on to accumulate more than two dozen medals in swimming races throughout North



Fifty years ago, Winnie Roach Leuzler became the first Canadian to swim the English Channel

Leuzler, today in Vancouver (top photo), received a sea otter from Toronto mayor Hiram McCallum after her historic swim, but no lasting recognition

America. “Each one of my kids has been on a team of some sort,” Roach once told a newspaper reporter when asked about his 12 children. “But my favorite was Winnie. She’s a grand swimmer and a great sport.”

Leuzler’s adventures had also come to the attention of those on the other side of the Atlantic. In early 1951, when the *Daily Mail* issued the Channel challenge to the top distance swimmers of the day, Leuzler was on the list of 13 men and seven women from 10 countries. She dropped without a second thought. “Of course, in those days, women went to get their hair and look after things at the beach,” she says. But Leuzler was anything but a typical woman. She had stayed behind in Toronto when her husband, Morris Leuzler, was stationed with the RCAF in Calgary. To accept the *Daily Mail* challenge, Leuzler left her nine-month-old baby with friends and strangers to have her other daughters, aged 2 and 4, cared for by nuns at an orphanage.

When the race started, Leuzler pulled on her goggles and swim cap and waded into the nine-degree water, her body covered in lanolin to prevent heat loss. Her father climbed into the rowboat and Peter Forsyth, an English lobster fisherman designated to guide Leuzler across the treacherous Channel, stepped behind the wheel of the *Perseus*. Paranoia was low; they included a length of rope, several gallons of fresh water, five cans of Bichew corn syrup—Leuzler would

take just two tablespoons during the crossing—and a blackboard to chart the swimmer’s progress.

As Leuzler pushed away from France’s shore, the waves looked up, then settled back. Her goggles began to fill with water and she moved them into her swim boat. Halfway across the Channel, Leuzler crossed paths with the jellyfish. “We pushed and shoved to get them out of our way, but they were all around,” she recalls. “Then, one came too close and I got it in the eye.” Cold and in pain, she awoke on the beach. The final rest came last that afternoon, when Leuzler found herself within striking distance of England, only to be swept back, some 10 km, into the Channel. “My dad said I had to make my mind up what I was going to do,” she remembers. “I told him I was staying in.”

Some 34 km beyond Cap Gris-Nez from Dover, but the *Perseus*, which had struggled the crossing to take advantage of currents and then remained when Leuzler was washed away from the English shore, would record that the returner had travelled nearly twice that distance, 63 km. Night had descended when she finally landed east of Dover, 13 hours and 25 minutes after beginning her swim.

Now 75, Leuzler can still hear the calls of the onlookers, urging her to step out of

the water and, as the rules stipulated, with one foot on shore. “There was a lot of hollering and shouting. ‘Keep going, Winnie! Keep going!’” She did, and in so doing became the first Canadian to conquer the Channel. In the end, Leuzler placed second among the female swimmers and seventh overall. Still, she received £500 for her efforts, worth about \$11,000 today, enough to secure monetary passage home for her on the *Empress of Canada* with enough left over to pay off some family debts. Back in Toronto, a ticker-tape parade up Bay Street freed her accomplishment.

But Leuzler was not destined to become a national hero, unlike her contemporary, Marilyn Bell. Three years after her Channel success, Leuzler lost to Bell, a slight 16-year-old Torontonian, in a race to become the first person to swim across Lake Ontario. Leuzler suffered from cramping and exhaustion and was pulled out of the water after losing contact with her guide boat, while Bell went on to complete the trip and achieve almost mythic status.

After failing to conquer Lake Ontario, Leuzler devoted more time to family and less to competitions, although she had an active career as a swimming coach. Over the years, Leuzler has been inducted into both the Canadian Forces Sports Hall of Fame and the Ontario Aquatics Hall of Fame, and admitted to the Order of Ontario. But she is bewildered that membership in Canada’s Sports Hall of Fame and an entry in the Canadian Encyclopedia remain elusive. Such recognition would be appreciated, Leuzler acknowledges, but adds that she never sought it. “I always thought,” she says, “that if you do something because you wish to do it, then forget about all those other things. Just go out and do it to the best of your ability.” ■





David M. Shribman

Going it alone

World leaders call it "unilateralism." His critics at home call it hubbomness. His foreign-policy planner calls it "a la carte multilateralism." But by any name, George W. Bush—whose new style of go-it-alone diplomacy is causing consternation at home and abroad—is earning surprisingly low marks in the one subject he was expected to excel: getting along with others.

In fact, as midsummer, the United States, which prides itself on being at the middle of everything in global affairs, is increasingly off by itself—and sometimes not even at the international table. In his first six months as President, Bush has pressed ahead with plans for a missile defense in the face of disapproval from allies (like Canada) and from rivals (like China), stood virtually alone in refusing measures to fight global warming, stepped aside from international efforts to enforce a 1972 protocol on biological weapons, worked to dilute an agreement to combat gun traffic, and, just recently, threatened the U.S. may not participate in an international conference on racism.

All this—plus the President's refusal to join for Senate confirmation of a comprehensive national tax-bus treaty, the subject of a United Nations conference next month—has raised eyebrows in capitals from Ottawa to Moscow. It has also raised brows in the White House, where the new crowd, which seldom misses an opportunity to distinguish itself from the Clinton train, responds that, on the international scene at least, talk is cheap but results count. By inclination and temperament, Clinton would say all-right, talk and devote plenty, a personal style that soon became his diplomatic style. Far all his carrying manner, Bush doesn't do that, and his persona abhors reflection. He may be the most taciturn American leader since Calvin Coolidge, who once responded to a dinner guest's wiper that he could make the president speak these words by saying: "Yes, lose."

Some of the world leaders Bush has encountered in recent statements have been startled by the contrast between the new President and the old. Already this summer, Canadian Foreign Affairs Minister John Manley has expressed his frustration, warning that American "unilateralism ultimately will lead to confrontation." Remarks like Manley's prompt a knowing nod on Capitol Hill, where the President's Democratic opponents expected consultation but instead got confrontation.

David M. Shribman is the Publisher/President-winning Washington bureau chief of The Boston Globe.

Bush, who lost the popular vote last November, won the White House in a contested election and began his administration with a separation for being more congenial than combative and with a vow to pursue bipartisanship and co-operation. The easy congeniality masked a hard will. "Bipartisanship seems to have been merely a rhetorical device," says Senator Evan Bayh, an Indiana Democrat. On race, the environment, regulatory issues and the drive to use public funds to underwrite social service programs conducted by religious groups, Bush has been uncompromising. But, his advisers are eager to point out, he has not been unsuccessful—though his decision last week to press ahead with limited stem-cell research troubled many of his supporters, who wanted no federal funding of such experimentation, along with many of his critics who hoped for even broader research.

By applying this domestic strategy to foreign affairs, Bush makes a new brand of isolationism—not the sort that Americans practiced between the world wars, when the United States rejected the League of Nations and withdrew from international affairs, but an isolation from its allies and from the very controls of diplomacy that a single superpower can expect to dominate.

The Bush team insists it wants no such thing, however. Condemning Russia, the President's personal secretary, recently went on television to argue, "You'll not find a more international administration than this administration." But it's possible to play an international role without paying much mind to international meetings, conferences and agreements.

Just as leaders across the globe are struggling to adjust to the new Bush style, the President himself is struggling to adjust to his new power and responsibilities. As governor of Texas—home to Compaq and Dell, two of the four biggest computer firms in the nation—he had to deal with a legislature that met only 140 days every two years. A bit of glad-handing with the good ol' boys in Austin was all it took to keep the state going at a time of unprecedented prosperity.

Now, the President, like Clinton before him, is making his own adjustments. "There's always a certain sense of disorientation when a new administration comes," says Maria E. Rudman, a top national security aide to president Clinton. "It is awesome how many controversies a White House has to address. There is a learning curve, and presidents eventually learn that in order to accomplish anything, there are a lot of different interests that have to be taken into account and a lot of voices that have to be heard." Suddenly, a lot of those voices are being heard—and they are complaining.

People

Edited by Shanda Drael



A voracious thirst for answers

"Would you like to try a Sharon's Drink?" asks a waiter inside the air-conditioned café on Toronto's trendy Queen Street West. The

concoction's nameplate and the new host of CBC News' world's *Greatest/Best* television program, Sharon Lewis, raise her eyebrows in disagreement as she sips her own drink through a straw. The beverage is a surprise, at once sweet yet tart—perfectly fitting for the 36-year-old Toronto-born playwright, actor and activist. For example, Lewis loves to have her photo taken and admits to reading *Emilia* books. She asks more questions than she answers and is delighted with incoherent replies. However, train conversations about old houses and the joys of conditioning, Lewis also rejects her aversion opinions on the legation of marijuana and child slave labour in Ivory Coast. She teaches on her experience playing the lead role in the 1995 Clement Virgo film *Boyz*—the first film written, directed and produced by Black Canadians. And her conversation is brimming with information she gathered for *Caution: Live*—a national debate program that was hosted by *Art Lewis* (no relation) who left the show at the end of last season for a yearlong sabbatical.

For the past three years, Sharon Lewis, who is of Trinidadian and Jamaican descent, has lived in Los Angeles where she worked with foster youth using techniques from Brechtian political theatre—ensuring the poorest at school in London. She also produced a film, wrote a second play called *Boyz*, and has just finished a novel called *Poverty and Love*. "Conversation feels like a home for my dolls," she says. "It's an art, that is part of who I am, but I am also interested in the process of how we try to find answers to issues." With a twinkle in her eye, she adds: "I want to deconstruct the spin." However, when she takes over the show on Sept. 17, she's content to relax and sip her drink.

Have guitar—will travel

David Usher is a little scarce these days. The first run for Canadian band *Motion* has just released his second solo album, *Moving On*, and is anxious to hear the reviews. "I'm partly nervous to hear people's reactions," says the 35-year-old singer-songwriter who spent two years working on the album. "And I'm partly relieved that it's all over." But after the critics come the party—travelling across the country for a year, playing gigs to promote his work. Being on the road is a familiar place for Usher. Born in Oxford, England, he has also lived in New York City, California, Malaysia, Thailand and Montreal. And when he's not touring through the U.S., Europe and Canada, Usher and his wife, Sabrina, split their time between Toronto and Montreal—note that Usher has a lot of days off. "I spend most of my spare time writing music," says Usher, who started working on *Moving On* while on a cross-Canada tour with *Motion* in 1999. "I don't really turn to the radio or watch television that much." If he were to turn on the radio or TV these days, he'd most likely catch the album's first single, "Aloha to the Universe." "A fair amount of radio and endline has night-gown music," says Usher. "Now, I can just relax and think about the next one."



Lead the way home

Nicholas Lea is one of those Vancouver actors who got his start on Canadian TV, then bigger roles on American screen than in Canada. Then, he moved to Los Angeles and is now enjoying a successful film and TV career. And like most of his fellow B.C.-based actors—including up-and-comers Barry Pepper, Lochlyn Munro, Chris Martin and David Caruso—Lea remains disarmingly down-to-earth, with little Hollywood attitude. He plays for Vancouver—the outstanding *Boyslife*, the docu and the musical. "Vancouver is a really special place, and it's become extraordinarily special when you compare it to Hollywood," says the actor best known as *The X-Files* Agent Alex Krycek. "All the local stars I know who live elsewhere talk about coming back."

But for now Lea lives in California—he moves with *Calvin*—and is currently on the lookout for projects that shoot on the Sunshine Coast. He signed on to *Love's Best Friends*, a small Canadian romantic comedy currently in theaters, to get a taste of home. In the film, Lea's character travels from Princeton, B.C., to Banff, Alta, to find a twin back his girlfriend—played by singer *Sheryl Crowe*—but finds for another woman on the way. "I basically did the movie for no money," says Lea. "It was just a sweet story, a nice experience and that's what I was in the mood for."

Currently, Lea is in Regina shooting a comedy, and then he'll off to Calgary to film a CBC movie based on the Clifford Olson immigration, biologically, Lea will head back to Los Angeles for even bigger projects—about reluctantly. Says Lea: "There is just not a lot of love in that city."





ZAP!

COVER

IT'S THE FUTURE

BY CHRIS WOOD

ON DAYS OFF, CALGARY GRADUATE STUDENT DARREN JAKAL likes nothing better than to be a fly on a wall—or rock, that is. An avid climber, Jakal scales away to beat himself by finger and toe up the sheer cliffs of Kananaskis Country, south-west of his city. Jakal's passion has a practical side. It's helping him get closer to his professional goal of designing what he calls "intelligent footwear"—shoes that behave more like, well, feet.

**Paper
cellphones,
self-focusing
glasses, planes
that bend,
'smart' shoes
with tiny motors,
cars that repair
themselves ...
they're closer**

Jakal gets some of his inspiration clinging to rock with his entire weight on one big toe. The problem: feet are full of joints and cartilage designed to change shape for maximum thrust, support or cushioning in every circumstance, while shoes support feet by being rigid. Jakal finds when mountain-climbing that "if I can't move at the base of my big toe, I get exaggerated motion in the heel that will cause bone spurs, blisters and bending stress." The remedy he's working on as part of his PhD in industrial design relies hope for some roles on and off the mountain. "You need a different shape of foot for different activities," Jakal reasons. "What if we can make footwear that will act in the same manner as your foot, so we match your footwear to the change in shape of your foot?"

Shoes that arch and flatten the way your feet do? And oh yeah, that might also have tiny motors embedded in them, to give your step that extra bounce! That's just the beginning. From head to toe, indeed from

the soles underneath to the air overhead, a revolution in so-called smart materials is set to transform our experience in ways both humble and mind-blowing.

The example of the "smarter penny" may qualify as a bit of both. Companies in Japan and Britain have independently unveiled sensors that can monitor their users' diet, calorie intake and health, through means best left to the imagination. Coming are a host of other familiar objects with astounding new powers.

DANA OPENED HER CLOTHES CLOSET It was a double-woe, since these new self-cleaning fabrics had allowed her to do away with laundry. Reaching in, she selected a business suit in her favorite shade of midnight blue with a hint of purple. A moment later, she slipped into a pair of low heels and watched as they changed from stone grey (yesterday's outfit) to midnight blue—with a touch of purple. That still blew her away.

In the kitchen, she tore a packet open and poured the contents into a bowl. She crushed the empty paper into a ball quickly, before it could launch into its audio

Illustration by Matthew J. Smith

OVERNIGHT, A USED JOGGING SUIT MAKES ITSELF FRESH AND CLEAN

instruction on how to pour boiling water over cereal. This talking packaging thing was getting out of hand, with "labels" strips even appearing in magazines. On the way out the door, she paused to nip a fresh cellphone from the roll by the fridge.

In the elevator, Dorio frowned as she remembered the jerk who yesterday left a deep gouge in her new coat. But the plastic body panel had done what its maker promised. Overnight, it had reshaped its angled shape, the deep scratch had healed over. She felt a tug on her left arm and realized it to see who was calling. It was only on e-mail: "Have a surprising day! XG, Ben," scrolled across the midnight-blue suit before twinkling out. Dorio smiled.

THANKS DAY IS STILL IN OUR FUTURE, but not as far off as you might think. The technologies depicted exist, though—as with intelligent foods—some are in their infancy. Among scientists, engineers and designers in every industrial country it's now mostly a matter of putting the pieces together—and making parts small and cheap enough to appear in everyday items.

How about starting the day putting on a jogging suit that hasn't bledged since you threw it, damp and smelly, last night? Only now it's fresh and clean. State university biochemists in Dartmouth, Mass., have teased the possibility with fibers that contain living bacteria. Their idea: textile impregnated with micro-organisms that eat dirt, perspiration and body oils. "You could end up having to find your shirt instead of wash it," jokes researcher Alex Fowler. After leaving the bags to chew down on your sweat, maybe you'll pull on a T-shirt made from fabric that Japan's Fijis Spinning hopes to be selling by next year. It encodes your daily dose of vitamin C, so the absorbed then circulates in the skin, through more than 30 washings. Other vitamins and medicines are promised.

And the layer next to your skin may do more than merely dispense vitamins. Researchers in Valencia, Calif., have developed a prototype of a vest that measures the wearer's blood pressure, heart rate and other vital signs—and can transmit that information to a doctor or nurse. Sensor threads will report the location and extent of any new wound. Also in the works for military or police, camouflage clothes that hold the wearer's medical history.

Then there's the technology that could be folded into fictional Doris' messaging jacket. Jeans maker Levi-Strauss & Co. collaborated with Royal Philips Electronics last year to develop a new way of "electronic" fashion: rather than create jeans with embedded chipsets and personal electronic notebooks into special pockets. Companies in Canada and Israel may have the components of a more elegant solution. Israeli Visco Enterprises Ltd. puts video on denim by weaving them with fiber-optic threads that glow where they crosshairs. Teac's



Illustration by Robert Lee Smith

Illustration by Robert Lee Smith

"THICK AS A PLANK"

"Dumb as a post." When it comes to smart, building materials don't generally get much respect. University of Manitoba engineering professor Afshar Vahid wants to change that. With colleagues across the country, he has installed sophisticated live-optic sensors in two tower structures, including the slanted arches of the 13-km Confederation Bridge between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island as well as oil pipelines and a nuclear reactor. "We are trying to build structures that will be smart like you."

SMART WALLS AND WINDOWS

both," the civil engineer explains. "We're putting sensors inside that tell us what sort of loads are going over a bridge, what sort of stresses and strains are inside it." In the Confederation Bridge's case, engineers can call up the sensors—made of glass fibre and scattered about the structure—as a longed-wish remote, to check in on its condition. Or, says Hadd, "If there is something unusual, it will call us."

Materials for houses and offices may show slow off-starting, too. In Toledo, Ohio, glassmaker has developed self-cleaning panes that break down specks of dirt, allowing the glass to stay easy to see. Other American designers forecast entire walls of glass coated with active film that can switch from transparency to showing

door-to-door videos, and exterior bricks that show colorful patterns with the weather to adapt now or later text and imagery. At Shanghai University in China, researchers have unveiled paint that changes from (near-reflecting) blue in summer to (near-absorbing) red in winter.

Think as a brick? More like sharp as a stick.

C.W.

BUY ME! BAKE ME!

AND YOU THOUGHT SHOPPING AISLES WERE ALREADY BUSY enough. Imagine this: as you push your cart down the bakery aisle, focus on other aisle crows to the left. Videowall squares on the front of each cart lurk into a full-motion, full-sensor, full-throated sales pitch. The aroma of fresh-baked cake wafts into the air. Suppose you take one of these shaky home runs. Rip off the top and the screen launches into a different video: this one demonstrating how to turn the package's contents into a moist, frosted

cake. Back at the store, meanwhile, the bakery shelf has noted the box's departure—and automatically reordered it.

The full-video cake-aisle box may never come to the grocery store, but it's easily sold. All the ingredients, so to speak, already exist. Americans have marketed a synthetic aroma generator. A Russian has invented a vodka bottle cap that delivers toasts when it's opened. Video-on-the-box is just a matter of adding a display and more cranking power. Scottish and Irish researchers have developed this film video displays that promise to be cheap and easy to apply to most surfaces—including packaging. An Israeli group has figured out how to print histories in a layer no thicker than a Band-Aid. And Canadian Ross Hill, at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., is one of several inventors with real processors for printing cheap, powerful microcircuits on paper or plastic.

Packaging that reports when it's been sold is also today's technology, not tomorrow. Several companies are testing implants smaller than postage stamps that can be hidden in a box to track the source, product details and shipping history of its contents. Such so-called smart tags reveal their information through hand-held radio-frequency or magnetic scanners (allowing retailers to take inventory by walking down the aisle with the scanner). Fancier tags can be updated with sales information, recording such items as special warranty terms. Early models will come to Canada by the end of the year.

So how about a box "that has the Betty Crocker commercial going on it?" wonders Hill. He answers himself: "I'm not going to say you won't walk down the aisle in five years and see that."

C.W.

Cosmetec Inc. of Victoria makes a thin rubber film, likewise embedded with optics, that can be placed beneath fabric to make it impervious to sooth. Teac's president Rob Inabaer imagines his technology married to a fabric display like Visco's. "There's a pinch on your T-shirt or sleeve, it looks like a cellphone and you can use it like a cell phone. A moment later, it looks like a video game and you can play it." Or maybe it just goes back to looking like a T-shirt.

Graduate student Jaleel also is integrating clothes that change to fit our shape. Australian researchers are working on a "smart" bra that will sense the movement of its wearer's body. The material will adjust to provide the kind of extra support during activity that a sports bra offers, then relax for greater comfort at rest.

Personal accessories have been another target for innovation since long before Buck Rogers' secret decoder ring. Recently, IBM researchers have built voice remotes into bedside pendants. They also encourage brassie cellphones not far removed from the communication worn by last-generation crew members of television's *Star Trek* programs.

Projection glasses boomed an early use of "smart" materials. Lenses introduced in the 1970s got darker when exposed to bright light, but didn't always make the transformation back to clear again afterward. Some high-end fancies today employ so-called memory alloys that return to their original shape after being bent. Ron Blum, an optometrist in Roanoke, Va., has a higher vision. He's built a prototype pair of glasses that alters its correction depending on what the wearer is looking at. His eyes measure the distance from the wearer to the object of scrutiny with an infra-red beam. A computer chip processes that information, then tells each of many small pins in a thin film coating the lenses exactly how much to bend incoming light in order to achieve the desired degree of correction. Complicated? Yup. "But it works," Blum says.

Others see glasses as the perfect place to hide tiny screens that produce the effect of a large-format display having two screens in front of viewers, but visible only to them. One model (called Glimmer) is available now in the United States. A competing version is due late this year. Teac makes are targeting techno-sexy travelers who might



Illustration by Robert Lee Smith

Inkjet holds a material, attached to optical fibre, that could be modified to turn parts of a piece of clothing into a cellphone or video game.

INSTEAD OF ROCKETS, A CARBON ROPE COULD LIFT LOADS INTO SPACE

prefer viewing a DVD of their choice from a laptop to enduring the airline's movie on a drop-down screen half a dozen rows away. So for such goggles have one handicap: they obscure the view of everything else. But that may change, as engineers develop coatings that can switch from full-random color to optical transparency at the flick of a photon.

Like those 1970s lenses, stuff that might qualify as "smart" has been around a while. Novelty mugs with patterns that change when you fill them with coffee employ material that responds to heat by causing clear Sarlar stuff is in frying pans whose dots disappear at cooking temperatures—and a new summer stick-on for sunburns that tells them when they've reached their limit of safe exposure to ultraviolet rays. These push-button lighters on some barbecue grills? They use ceramics that release a burst of electricity when compressed. The phenomenon works in reverse, making such ceramics a popular choice for inventors trying to make things "smoosh," or change shape.

But several things are new. Researchers have made giant strides in identifying, purifying, and, in a growing number of cases, manufacturing complex materials that can sense, adapt to—or even act upon—their environment. Some new creations detect radio waves, sound, or air pressure, and respond with bursts of light, electrons or magnetic energy. Others glow, change their shape, or initiate specific chemical reactions on command. Many new materials make use of other discoveries in optics and



Simon Fraser's HIL examines fine metal strips under extreme magnification

IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! IT'S BOTH!

WATCH HOW A BIRD COMES IN TO LAND: if you look closely you can see how the feathers spread to make the wings broader, how the wings themselves curve to scoop more air from the air. Today's planes do an awkward imitation of the same thing using mechanical flaps. NASA hopes to change that by making airplane wings of material that can stretch and curve to mimic natural flight. Canadians are putting similar technology to the test in space antennas and, yes, robo-sailors.

NASA's Morphing Project, under way at its Hampton, Va., aeronautics laboratory, is aimed at a new generation of "bio-mimetic" airplanes that might be in commercial service in 50 years. The concept craft has an intricate mesh of carbon-fiber composite instead of metal. Boeing and Airbus are also exploring composites for next-generation airliners. Morphing material is the NASA craft's wings would make them bend and twist to extract aerodynamic advantage. The material covering its fuselage would be as sensitive as human skin (perhaps more so



could detect pressure in the frame, air pressure outside, and any incoming electric or magnetic pulses). And, like real skin, it would "heal" itself after a penetration.

The challenge is mainly in scaling up technologies already proven in the lab. Pascal Hubert, a Canadian working in Hampton (until next year, when he moves to McGill University in his native Montreal), has seen "breathing" skin in action. "They fire a bullet at a sheet of material," he says, "and you

can watch the wound close."

Away from NASA, other Canadians are putting morphing through its paces. Senior Technology Ltd. of Collingwood, Ont., will unveil a model space antenna next month that contains morphing material to counteract warping from intense heat and cold. The same company worked with University of

Victoria aerospace engineer Attila Szekeres and the Portuguese air force on a small unmanned prototype plane with morphing wings and tail. Now Szekeres is using the same kind of "smart" material to create robotic fins that swim like the real thing. With a smile, Szekeres wonders if other fish might "combine it with prey, eat it and get digestion" that shouldn't be a problem with a morphing jetliner.

C.W.

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TECHNOLOGY IS TURNING LESSONS FROM NATURE INTO 'SMART' STUFF

ways of assembling molecules one atom at a time. Other scientists, in micro-circuitry and manufacturing, are making it possible to combine new materials with computer processes in places never before imagined, for example, in colour-changing clothing, self-assembling spacecraft or a mosquito's surface that follows its owner.

"There are no smart materials," insists David Zureick, a National Research Council expert who was convinced like that in barbershop lightness to reduce vibration in helicopters. "There are," he says, "smart systems." Those have four critical components: sensors, some kind of processor, a program to guide it, and what Zureick calls "actuators," parts that act on their surroundings. In his helicopter system, one lot of actuators directs vibration in the chopper blade; instructed by a computer chip, another set expands or contracts to stiffen or relax the blade to reduce vibration.

Much of what makes this new stuff so smart happens at the level of molecules—even atoms. Often there's little to see outside a microscope. Among the most promising new super materials are carbon nanotubes—cylinders of the common element just a few atoms across. The tubular five times stronger than steel and 500 times as long as they are wide. But they're so small that even under a conventional microscope, they look like so much grey dust (and cost \$1,000 a gram). Montreal native Pascal Hubert is among researchers at a NASA centre in Hampton, Va., trying to figure out "how to take nanotubes and rewire them to make nanorobots," the way carbon fibres are spun into thread. By one calculation, such ropes could be strong enough to hold a helicopter to a space station by elevator, instead of by rocket.

Making the little bug is one way to go. Electrical engineer Kiki Peter of the University of California at Berkeley goes another. He wants to make robots smart. He imagines giving the size of a few grains of sand that will be able to maintain light and temperature across whole circuits and report back to utilities. Pores, understood, lives in a state possessed with its power supply. He considers his "smart dust"—working models are closer to use in situations—could also spy on other things, such as when people get up or go to bed, by sensing movements and temperature changes. "Like it or not," he insists, "this is the future."

More novelties are emerging from this field with new design abilities. Bionic glasses are one example. Another has been developed by researcher Larry Dillman at the University of Washington. A postage-stamp-size disk of his molecularly modified "joint" can serve as an antenna—or transducer—for virtually any known radio frequencies. Other types of joint can detect nanotubes beneath it or air pressure above it, or transmit data more than 100 times faster than most corporate networks. "What we're really doing here," boasts Dillman, "is defining the future."

Ron Hill, a chemist at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., has defined another smart bit. He uses a process similar to developing photographs to "print" very tiny circuits as a fraction of the cost of coating methods. His components are about the



With a device simulating the movement of feet, Jakob is trying to create 'intelligent footwear'

size of those on Intel's latest Pentium chips, he says. "But they could cost a penny worth \$100 million. We did it on a breadboard with about \$50 worth of equipment."

Hill's process also works on many different surfaces, making it part of a larger race to put computers everywhere for little more than the cost of the paper or plastic they will be printed on. Already there are talking greeting cards, even charity packaging. Due on the market later this year are cellphones printed on paper. Their New Jersey developer claims to have orders for 100 million of them, priced at about \$15 each and pre-loaded with an hour of airtime.

A remarkable consensus thread to this explosion of human ingenuity is that much of its inspiration comes not from abstract human theory at all. At NASA, says Pascal Hubert, the hot new topic is "biomimetics"—the art of copying nature. In Victorian, sentimental compositions expert Anna Selkirk dreams, "If we have wings that can change shape by twisting like a bird's wing, maybe we can emulate bird flight."

"Here," Hubert's grand's Dillman asks himself, "do you do what the body does?" How do you even do when the big sox do? Dillman is working on that. Meanwhile, technology is already turning lessons from nature into the newest, as well as ancient, stuff under the sun. ■

Tech Explorer

Getting carted away

Steals shopping carts are mischievous of the junk that lines towns and cities, discarded on lawns, half-submerged in creeks, or dumped on their sides in alleys. These stray carts, worth up to \$225 apiece, can cost-indebted grocery stores thousands of dollars each year. But Tom Herald of Massachusetts, Ott-based Regal Development, holder of the Canadian distribution rights to the Kart Sever K-2000, claims he can virtually eliminate those losses.

"What's the K-2000?" The system would like that: ordinary shopping carts are reformed with a metal box the size of an average handbag box. The box has a built-in wheel that replaces the cart's left front corner and contains an infrared sensor and motion detector. When a customer exits the store, a door-mounted scanner activates the security system. Each cart is programmed to roll a predetermined distance, ranging between 4.5 m and 450 m. The back alarm beeps loudly when the limit is reached, and its front wheel locks at a 17-degree angle.

The cart now moves in a circle. If the customer starts on struggling, it beeps by itself; the cart, the audible warning continues. (Herald says he can disable the noisy alarm.) If a shoplifter complains.) Store employees deactivate locked wheels with a special handheld device resembling a TV remote control. The system is also



Herald's infrared security system links a cart's front wheel and sounds an alarm

disrupted by screens at store entrances, allowing unlimited roaming in the aisles.

Customers in British Columbia and Ontario include Dominion, Safeway, Fortinos and No Frills. Dwight Collier, who owns a Fortinos franchise in Toronto, was losing more than 150 carts a year. In the six months he's had the K-2000 system, he's lost just 15. And he calls that "very impressive." It's a whole new way to put the cart before the shopper.

A tidy trimmer

Groomers, send patches and sideburns may be back at style, but grooming can be a chore for men who sport facial hair. It's not that trimming it is particularly taxing, rather it's the meticulous cleanup required around the skin that can be tedious and time consuming. The Trim 'N



Vic by Teton's Wild Manufacturing. As a tidy solution. As the name suggests, the rechargeable \$89.95 trimmer has a built-in vacuum. "Wild claims the trimmer, available that fall, will cut at least 85 per cent of the cut whiskers, depending on hair length. The claim that the device can take very little time to clean away, giving the owner—and his hair-care beautician—one less thing to argue about.

Danylo Hruschko

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Business

FAST-FOOD whole in one

BY KIMBERLEY NOBLE

It's not yet mid-morning but already Toronto feels like a filthy sauna. Health officials have warned residents to stay inside and avoid breathing the hot mucky air. Right downtown, where the pollution is worst, this is actually pretty easy: major stores and office buildings (in the heart of Canada's largest city are connected by an air-conditioned 10-lane underground concourse offering almost every amenity known to hu-

manhood. So what is it that compels a steady stream of people to risk respiratory injury by emerging from one of the biggest of these buildings and making their way across the street?

It's a Tim Hortons.

The familiar fire-engine-red sign, seen up just over a month ago, but it's already turned the coffee and doughnut store below into a neighbourhood mecca. Some customers are clearly nervous happy to see

down in a place that looks like home. But most are so urban as the bank towers themselves securities on a coffee break, well-coiffed executives in expensive summer suits, even an ultra-hip like creoles.

The store is small—only 315 square metres, almost a closet compared to the vast expanse of asphalt and asphalt you see in the suburbs and off the highway—and it's in an odd location, a slinky storefront on a one-way street that's often clogged with traffic. The interior, decorated in eggplant and blond wood, is a far cry from the company's trademark colours, yellow and brown.

But we should get used to it, food service executives and industry analysts say, because the unexpected sight of a suburban doughnut shop transformed into a chic downtown cafe is the shape of things to come. That's not only true for Canada's best-known coffee and doughnut business but also for the country's \$11.1-billion fast-food industry as a whole. All the old rules about what consumers in a given country or region will or will not buy are being radically rewritten. Almost every company that once concentrated on a single, well-defined market niche—the morning, or the suburbs, or a geographic

The push to diversify products and services is aimed at attracting repeat customers several times during a typical busy day

COO House (far left), with franchisee Mike Macatall, his son Cheri and wife Michelle Morris (below) is making Tim Hortons on its home turf



area—is crossing the conventional borders in an effort to win new customers and, more important, to lure existing ones back to their premises several times a day. In keeping with that trend, high-priced coffee shops are now selling burgers and sandwiches and McDonald's is launching a line of gourmet coffee and baked goods. "A lot of the old lines are now being blurred," says Becky McKinnon, president and CEO of Tim Hortons' World Coffee. Canada's third-largest specialty coffee retailer. "We have spent a lot of money making our stores convenient and comfortable. So how do we sell more of what we make to the people who like us?"

Fortunately for the companies involved,

the food service business continues to grow by leaps and bounds. Canadians now spend 41 cents of every dollar on food dollar on meals prepared outside the home. Moreover, the Toronto-based NPD Foodservice Information Group calculates that quick or limited service (known as QSR, in the trade) now accounts for 64 per cent of restaurant visits, up from 58 per cent in 1996. "We live in a time-driven society," says NPD vice-president Anne MacDougall, "and QSR fills that need." Quick-service restaurants are now both a necessity and an affordable luxury. "This trend has been fascinating," says David Newman, who follows the food service business for Merrill Lynch Canada. "The more people are financially around, the harder they work. And the harder they

work," he says, "the more they eat out."

Tim Hortons' success is no surprise. From its coffee shops, the company has been a fast-food power. In 1984, Toronto Maple Leafs defenceman Tim Horton and his partner, former Hamilton policeman Ron Joyce, shook up the status quo by opening coffee-and-doughnut restaurants in a country where fast food was a novelty. What's more, they were grandstanding sports marketers, exploiting Horton's association with hockey years before such promotions became standard practice.

Mike Macatall, a Hamilton-area franchisee, remembers how excited he felt when his father, Ed, bought the company's very first location from Joyce, a childhood friend from Nova Scotia. The original store was painted blue and white, the hockey team colours, and when a new location opened, the Maple Leafs would show up to drink coffee and sign autographs. "I could hardly wait," says Macatall. "I'd go to see Horton, Frank Mahovlich, Johnny Bowes—all the legends."

Tim Hortons also broke ground by diversifying. In the 1980s, when the chain had grown to more than 100 stores, management started to arrange meals for the future. By then, Joyce owned the company outright, having paid Horton's family \$1 million after the hockey star was killed in a car crash in 1974. He decided to drop the word "dona" from the name, and a few years later, to introduce soup—a mainstream move, says Paul House, president and COO of The TDI Group Ltd., which operates Tim Hortons on behalf of an U.S. owner, Dublin, Ohio-based Wendy's International Inc. The success of the soup launch prompted the company to augment it with burgers, sandwiches and chili in Quebec. Tim Hortons even sells baked beans with meat.

Whatever quakes early diversification moves may have had on the product mix seem to have been paid to meet the success of Tim Hortons' strategy can be seen in its growth. In 1995, it merged with Wendy's in a

Plus there's another criterion: "a growing

\$580-million deal that gave Joyce, who now lives in Calgary, 15 per cent of Wendy's, making him the U.S. company's largest shareholder. The company now has more than 1,300 stores in Canada and 125 in the United States—about 100 of which are combined with Wendy's—and is expanding rapidly. Sales are expected to top \$2 billion this year and, if Tim Hortons keeps opening new stores at its current rate, to surpass sales at McDonald's Restaurants of Canada. "They've done amazing jobs," says Lisa Polansky, a Toronto real estate broker who makes her living doing deals like a variety of fast-food restaurants. "Landlords love them, customers line up outside the door."

So what are competitors doing to counter such success? Both Tim Hortons and McDonald's agree they're not rivals, and that their business plans are developed with no thought of one another's moves. Still, McDonald's has spent almost a year doing expensive research on Canadian appetite for coffee and baked goods, and is now in the process of launching its own line.

Called McCafé, the concept was introduced in Australia and has so far been introduced in 15 countries. The first such store in Canada, a wood-paneled prototype designed by Burlington, Ont., franchise owner Ralph Sgro, was installed in May



McDonald's Sgro reports positive customer response to the inaugural McCafé

Wendy's and Tim Hortons' 100-odd "corbido" restaurants, will give customers a choice of food and beverage. "We want to make it easy for people to come in and order a Big Mac with a large for lunch," says Sgro. "Then, later in the day, they can come back for a pastry and a cappuccino."

All is not lost for doughnut purists, however. They can still take comfort in the advice of Krissy Kerne. In the 18 months since it went public, the Winston-Salem, N.C.-based purveyor of the Hot Original Glazed has been a U.S. stock market darling and a business success. Karmelco, Inc., the Toronto-based company that plans to open 30 doughnut

keeping customers does not lie in taking it out over doughnuts—which, despite 16 years of desecration, still account for between 12 and 25 per cent of sales, depending on the province. Krissy Kerne, says Sgro, is a U.S. phenomenon that may be a lot in Canada. "It's much like Starbucks was when it started in Canada," he says. "I assure they will do OK, but we're doing just fine." He also notes that if Krissy Kerne makes Canadians want to buy more doughnuts, Tim Hortons is bound to handle it.

Meanwhile, House says the company will focus on its own strategic plan, which involves expanding in Western Canada and Quebec, as well as opening a lot more call-centers in downtown Toronto and other major centers—especially Vancouver, the only big Canadian city that still doesn't have a downtown Tim Hortons. And after that? Tim Hortons says the next move is ready to Tim Hortons' future. But things are changing rapidly. Asked to identify the next big food trend, Michael Edmonstone, Tim Hortons' CEO, says the fruit-and-yogurt concoctions from California and the Pacific Northwest are gaining popularity in Canada. "This is a big thing," he says. "It's almost a meal replacement, with wheat gone and this and that. I think it will provide some competition for coffee." But not, he adds, for Tim Hortons. "No matter what the next future trend turns out to be, they'll always be there. We're Canadian. They're part of our psyche."

As far as Tim Hortons' management is concerned, the key to winning and

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Donald Cox

Innovative accounting

Largely because of investors' fear and greed, the technology stock exchange continues to come under intense pressure. Fortunately, such displays of collective self-destruction are infrequent. Those who, contemplating the idyllic, would despair of humanity's future, should reflect that the eternal kingdom equivalent—the learning leap into the sea—occurs slightly more often.

We are in the third day of the Triple Waterfall, the killer wave. There has never been a TW that did not bring prices back to sea level, which means technology stocks should get back to their skeletons of mid-1998—or roughly 1,500 on the Nasdaq.

In all past manifestations, the wave continued until it had publicly drowned the Pod Pipers who had led the gaffle in the pursuit of million profits. Since such Will Street stars as Mary Meeker and Henry Blodgett will have jobs and multi-million cash, the pain will remain.

Each new move has some special attributes that make it fascinating for students of markets. The Nifty Fifty biffle in the 1970s, gave us "single-decision stocks" like Coca-Cola and General Electric; those misadventurous investors would grow that rich and earn big money, or it really didn't matter what you paid for them. The oil boom from 1978 to 1984 had \$100 oil forecasts. The Japanese boom in the past decade produced such inflated and more prices that

the caper's gardeners were worth more than all of California. This time, we have New Era Accounting. Few, if any, of the games devised in Silicon Valley have done so much for corporate profits as the invention of their accountants.

On the Nasdaq's very tip, perhaps the most ingenious cover-story first built by first microprocessors was the method of accounting for stock options. Take, for example, Cisco Systems Inc., which was, for one brief moment of euphoria, the most valuable company in the world. It used a standard to which the wise and witty could repair.

It works this way: Your company has employee options outstanding on millions of shares at nominal prices. As employees exercise these options, the company gets a huge net windfall. Say Cisco is at \$70 and the option price is \$5 (typical for long-term employees, i.e., those who had worked with the company for more than four years). That \$65 difference is deductible for Cisco against its corporate taxes.

That is for Stock options are a cost to a company. They result in shares being issued that the company itself has to buy

back at higher prices. When an entire corporate culture is built around paying people with stock rather than cash, then the cost of those "payments" should be tax deductible.

That is not the way tech companies report to stockholders. What is billions of dollars in costs on the tax returns is also cost in reported profits. If one were to believe the companies' statements, those engineers and geeks are working for wages that should trigger violent demonstrations by Berkeley-based sweatshop laborers. Had Cisco shown those costs in its earnings statements, it would have wiped out its entire reported 50-per-cent profit gain in 1999 (according to some well-respected analysts). That kind of dual-reporting system is widely used in Italy and the accounting mafia in Silicon Valley have perfected the technique.

The TW decline diminished these accountants' created profits. Yet amid the Stygian gloom, the spirit of innovation lives. Each month brings reports of new accounting breakthroughs. Engineers and geeks are sucked by the thousands, but the crucial professionals—accountants—remain on the job.

Canadian cash, perhaps, led pride that Nortel Networks Corp. and JDS Uniphase Corp. have kept in leadership in the New Economy Accounting Snakes. The companies have announced winddowns totaling roughly \$76 billion (U.S.), give or take \$3 (hedge-fund billions). JDS's \$57.5 billion roughly equal to six per cent of

Canada's GDP) is big league according to *The Wall Street Journal*, total U.S. corporate profits for the second quarter, before JDS's winddowns are included, were \$32.4 billion. Imagine. An Ottawa-based company that most readers of this column hadn't heard of five years ago lost 1.77 times as much money as all the profits earned by the other 1,187 large companies in the third quarter.

However, according to JDS's financial statements, those assets and losses, just "paper losses." During its growth phase, JDS used to high price stock to buy other companies. Now that its stock price is down 90 per cent or so, the company is reflecting those asset overvaluations. Those companies were never worth what JDS paid, but that doesn't mean JDS has lost any money by its overpayments.

Oh! When tech stocks were coming down, Will Street gashed about how far these companies were creating stockholder wealth. Much of that wealth creation was through undisclosed accounting fictions, not actual operations. Now that we are in the wealth-destruction phase, the losses are dismissed as accounting fictions.

The Nasdaq's library is loaded with fiction. Few of the tales will have happy endings.

Donald Cox is chairman of *Novus Investments Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jane Howard Investments.*

Despite the advent of healthier food options, coffee and pastries are still the battleground

According to Sgro, who has spent 14 years as a McDonald's franchise operator, it's not even new recipes from regular and out-of-town customers. "They're saying this is excellent," says Sgro. "They want to know where we're coming to their town."

The answer is pretty soon: this month, McDonald's is opening 10 McCafés in co-branding restaurants in London, Ont. Depending on the response, others will be built in Charlottesville, Missouri, N.B., and Maple Ridge, B.C. Quebec's first McCafé, located in Longueuil, will be unique in Canada; it will be a stand-alone (here) along the Starbucks model. The others will be what McDonald's calls a satellite or integrated from counter that, like

stores in Ontario, Quebec and the Atlantic provinces over the next several years, has received more than 400 franchise queries since the start of the year. Remarkable, given that the company is pushing rather convenience over personality. It plans to build huge stores, each employing 100 people and requiring an acre or more of land. They will have barista and drive-through windows, and big menu signs proclaiming "Hot doughnuts now." "This is a valuable destination concept," says Karmelco's Billy Morris, a former Starbucks executive who believes he can achieve similar success with this new venture.

As far as Tim Hortons' management is concerned, the key to winning and

POSTCARDS from Paradise



PORTRAITS OF SUMMER

Chelvia from opposite: Mattie Doucett, the author's mother, and her brother John, with The Point in the background; the author fishing; fourth-generation cottager Nick Johnston leaning around at Georgian Bay; the author (left) picnicking with her sister Cass and their mother

Years ago, long before people invented Jet Skis or worried about sunscreen, we spent our entire summers at the cottage

ESSAY

BY ANN DOWSETT JOHNSTON

*Thus I, gone forth, as spiders do
In spider's web a truth discerning
Attach one silken strand to you
For my returning.*

E. S. WHITE

Years and years and years ago, long before they invented Gore-Tex or Jet Skis, way before people worried about high cholesterol or sunscreen, my mother used to take us to the cottage for the entire summer. Each June, the day after school ended, we would load up the car and head off down the highway, unencumbered by car—or our belts, for that matter. In the trunk would be our turn-

unders and the Royal Warrant car rug, five picnic, plus an entire suitcase of literary books that Miss Holden had let us take out for the full two months, warning us that they were not to go near the water. Off we would go, looking, scalped in our first summer haircuts, pattered into the bushes with the dithering dog, bickering over endless games of "I spy"—secretly delighted because we wouldn't be back until Labour Day.

Your after sunburned years, this was our summer season, one my mother followed without fail. Our family may have belonged to the United Church, but in a cottage was religion. We were the true believers.

Which isn't to say that we worshipped in just one spot. As newlyweds, my parents honeymooned at my father's family cottage, a log cabin on a sheltered outcrop of a lake near Algonquin Park, the same lake where Tom Thomson



planned to honeymoon before he mysteriously drowned. But after that initial grieving, they spent their vacation time at both their parents' places. As often as not, my sister and brother and I could be found napping in the bunkie at my mother's family cottage on a decidedly unshowered stretch of Georgian Bay, a place where my mother had spent every summer of her life. A place where August seems staggered in at night, tossing the sailboats at their moorings and working their bonnet magic on the pines.

Thanks to my two grandfathers—both of whom had fought in the First World War, one as a fighter pilot, the other towing his log chummers at Paschendale—there were two log cabins we



THE MAKING OF A SUMMER HOME

A. Y. Jackson (right) joins Walter and Jane Stewart and their children Sally, Wilbur and Marie (the author's mother) in Jackson's arms during the re-assembly of the building in 1930

Thanks to their enterprising efforts, my children gorged on summer in two distinctly different places. At the little lake cabin, we would fall asleep to the sad call of the loon, sang under heavy and Hudson's Bay blankets, in flannel pajamas my mother had warmed by the fire, our hair smelling of wood-smoke. Snag, and scared, we would whisper by the dying light of the firefly stove, alone in our little cabin. What was that noise? Was it a bear? What if a bear broke in, just like at Billie Bear Lodge, up the road? Would Grandmother shout, it's like Mrs. Billie had?

Or was it a ghost? For sure, there were ghosts. Poor Tom Thomson, wrung in his soggy plaid shirt and blurry glasses, rising from his waxy grave to haunt to Billie Bear Lodge, his never-to-be-honeymoon spot, violating an age. Always an age, to give us 40 whacks.

Tom Thomson's ghost never got us. Before we knew it, morning would break with a glow, my grandmother's screen door announcing she was up, the coffee on, the porridge stirred, ready for the morning paddle to the lodge to see if the paper had arrived. With-

in minutes, we would be off, her voice ringing clear across the summer water: "By the loon-gut of the silver-or moonson..." Another day had begun, a day of snooping in the woods, rising to the rift, and leaning around with the Paterson boys.

At the other cottage, days and nights were different. There, we would fall asleep to the sultry rhythm of Georgian Bay, the tinkling sound of the masts, the taste of marshmallow in our mouths. Our snore would ache from days of snoring. The Swallows, our precious bathrob of a homemade bear. Or racing the Y-Flyer. Or hazing the badminton bandle at our lanky boy cousins.

But lying at night, under white sheets, little needles of snoring pricking our shoulders and our noses peeling for the unimpeachable time, my cousin and I would decide that as we weren't going to go to sleep, it wasn't fun. Older kids were still down at the bonfire, and we could hear them laughing, the water carrying their voices up from the beach. So instead we whispered, very quietly, because "for the last time, girl," her father had warned, "let love and all come to your sleep."

But still, I needed to know: did she think Seas Connery was sexy? If she had to choose, would she take Paul or John? Would she ever wear corsets in front of her husband? A bikini like Lin Taylor? Did all divorcees wear bikinis? Would the older kids skinny-dip tonight? Girls in front of boys? And, on another subject, did her brother cheat at Clara? Oh-oh. SHHHH. Her dad's pounding up the stairs again. FOR THE LAST TIME, girl.

That was the drift by night. By day, I'd wake to thick wedges of yellow sunlight on the pointed floorboards and the whirring-dee-dee of birds outside the window. In a beds, I'd be downstairs, crashed the others would have crashed open the new variety pack of little boxed cereals, and nibbled both Peanut Flakes, my favorite, which they had now dosed with chocolate milk because, SHHHH, the parents were still sleeping.

Meanwhile, there was a plan. First, a quick trip to the corner store to load up on Double Bubble, Lili-M-Aid and Grape Crush. Next, a tramp up the beach to our secret hiding spot at The Pains, the place where we had caught those terrapin necking. Who knows? Maybe they'll be back. And off we would go in our mild-damp bathing suits, making our way over the pine needles, past

A. Y. Jackson, a rambling sort of guy, had a softness for my grandmother's jam

the poison ivy, with what was left of our allowance, gaze for another day in paradise.

Of course, in paradise is sometimes mined, and those days were often the sweetest. Sweeter to long as my mother hadn't looked at the sky and said "Well, we might as well head to town and do the laundry." But if she stayed put, I was home-free, with a whole day to snoop through the musty bookshelves. On days like these, I would hole up in a bedroom with a stack of my grandfather's ancient *New Notes*, discovering James Thubert, E. B. White, *Talks of the Town*. One memorable afternoon, I hid for hours, devouring my mother's banned copy of *Late Wives* and learning the bitter truth: that yes, Beth did, and no, Jo does not marry the handsome Lauree.

Still, Jo does grow up to be a writer—a heck of a consolation prize, in my books. Writing and painting: these were the dream professions. The writing part came from reading. The painting part came from little sketching trips with A. Y. Jackson, a perennial guest at Georgian Bay, and much later, a guest at the little lake cottage, too. A bachelor with an infamous love of my maternal grandmother's jam—jam that would dribble down his sweater vest along with his cigarette ashes when he laughed at my grandfather's jokes. Looking at his stomach, I knew why Aunt Esther—having never with marrying him—would never go ahead with it.

Or maybe he never really wanted to get married. Maybe he was afraid of marriage: like he was afraid of fire. In one of the cottage bedrooms, he had my grandfather install a thick rope, attached at the window sill, one he could shimmy down to safety in case of a blaze. (Uncle Alec never used it, but the boy cousins discovered it was pretty handy during hot-and-seek.)

Clearly this was a man who liked to escape. He stole my heart because he taught me to smooch a goodbroth with my thumb and because he painted a naughty little sketch of a Shell station with the "S" missing. He was past about the only bachelor I had ever met, a rambling guy whose snowshoes hung on the little beside the cottage fireplace, the same ones he wore in his self-portrait, *My August*, which also hung near the fireplace, a portrait of himself painting in the snow.

But I used to think that maybe he'd once found himself, taking all those painting trips and somehow forgetting to have



LIFE AT THE COTTAGE

The Stewart sisters: Sally, Marie (the author's mother) and Wilby at Georgian Bay; Jane Stewart, the author's paternal grandmother, sitting lunch at Belle Lake with A. Y. Jackson (middle) and on the dock (below) beside her beloved canoe



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WE DIDN'T MEAN TO GO TO SEA

The author (centre), with her brother John and sister Gail, rowing in *The Swallow*, the little boat their father built at the cottage

ESSAY

After chopping wood, the handsome dads would drink 'Hey Mabel, Black Label!' beer

has on little family to go home. And for that reason, I felt sorry for him, and made him a cake in the shape of his palm.

At that time, I felt sorry for anyone who wasn't paired up, two by two, like the animals in North's Ark. Not during the week, mind you, then, the cottage was a women-and-children affair. My mother and aunt and grandmother would serve us meals on little black-bark place mats that the Indians had sold, door-to-door, when they used to camp on The Point. We'd feast on fresh bread and field tomatoes and corn from the local farmer. After dinner, we'd

her bedroom to brush her freshly washed hair, put on lipstick and a dab of Elton Blue, emerging transformed, bronzed, blond and collected for my dad. Looking, as far as I was concerned, as glamorous as Grace Kelly.

And for the next few days, there would be laughter, games of charades, rounds of bridge, impromptu dance. Tall shoulders to be roamed from, into the water, among ferns to help us build respect, bones and ferns. Handsome men in V-neck shirts, drinking 'Hey Mabel, Black Label!' beer with my grandfather after they had cut

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the logs and stacked the woodpile. But then it would be Sunday night, and we would all wave in the car, heading, disappointed, down the driveway, and the cycle would begin once again.

Years and years and years ago, long before they invented cellphones and low-the-ropes, my before people worried about robot mutants or global warming, that was how we spent our summer. Learning how to stalk wild raspberries before breakfast, and how to find a fungus in the forest, lying under a canopy of stars and gazing the night sky. And at sunrise's end, woodchipping the harvest mound. Because in our family, cottage was adoption. And you, we were the true believers. ■

Health

Shattered nerves

Advances in treating
spinal cord injury are
still a long way from
helping patients walk

BY CELIA MILNE

The first half of veterinarian High Wiley's life was over in an instant. Gone were the days of running auctions, delivering newborn calves—often embracing his family. Last November, the month he turned 40, Wiley fell four metres back

later outside St. Mary's of the Lake Hospital in Kingston, where he is a scholar.

After hitting rock bottom with the realization of his extreme limitations, Wiley began to fantasize about the vicious life he had to offer. Five months after the accident, Kelly gave birth to a healthy baby boy, Jack. About a month later, Wiley was finally able to breathe without a ventilator. To his joy, he is able to chase Alexandra, now 4—the son he lost to chest cancer, now 4—on her bike and he is an electric wheelchair he controls with head movements. She is his "longer stand of what happened to him." "I couldn't talk for the longest time," says Wiley. "Now, I can talk and she knows I can not talk." Wiley thinks of the accident as diving

his life in half. "Those were the first 40 years, these are the last 40," he says matter-of-factly.

Wiley's situation isn't rare. About 1,000 Canadians acquire their spinal cords each year. Many are young adults, overwhelmingly male. The main causes of spinal cord injuries are motor vehicle accidents, falls and sports mishaps. A damaged spinal cord can perform as a fraction of delivering impulses between the brain and the body. If the injury occurs high on the spine, as in Wiley's case, it results in quadriplegia, or paralysis of all four limbs. Anne Christopher Berns, whose injury was even earlier than Wiley's, can breathe only for brief periods without a ventilator. Someone with an injury lower down, such as Canadian Man in Motion Rick Hansen, is likely to become paraplegic—losing feeling and movement in the legs. About half of spinal cord injury results in quadriplegia,

half in paraplegia.

So far, there is no cure. That's why the world took notice in March when an Israeli researcher announced that three patients who had been paralyzed by spinal cord injury moved finding in their legs after being given an experimental therapy. The most dramatic recovery was that of Melissa Holley of Redwood, Colo., who was flown to Israel within days of her injury and not only recovered feeling but also some voluntary movement in her legs. But last week, Holley told *Maclean's* she had made no more progress since then.

The treatment, developed by an Israeli company called Prosepio Biotechnologies (Israel) Ltd., involves injecting inflammatory cells of the immune system, called macrophages, into the lower end of the injury site within 14 days of the injury. Earlier experiments with rats by Dr. Michael Schwartz of the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, showed that



Now Wiley can chase his daughter Alexandra



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Health

cessful spinal cord regeneration in 60 per cent of the animals.

Experts in the front lines of spinal cord research in Canada are watching the experiments carefully. "The basic work is of enormous interest," says Toronto neurosurgeon Michael Fehlings. Still, for now he has decided not to include any of his patients in safety trials. "There is a small number of patients," he says. "I want to see results of 12." He and other Canadian experts feel it's important to put the Israeli experiments in context as an exciting but small piece in the vast puzzle of curing paralysis. "No scientist has the answer to this," says Fehlings. "There are many, many critical phases." They see the Holy Grail of research

—getting a paralyzed person to walk again—only in the distant future.

More attainable landmarks seem like tiny steps, but they could make a huge difference in patients' quality of life. "If we can restore function to even a few segments of the spinal cord, it can mean going off a ventilator or having use of the arms," says Dr.

John Stevens, a professor of neurosciences at the University of British Columbia in Canada. Stevens, director of the research group Collaboration on Repair Discoveries (CORD), "is one of the leading nations in developing central nervous system therapies to treat brain and spinal cord disorders."

The latest frontier in spinal cord research involves treatments used in the first days after an injury. Aggressive measures are now available to reduce swelling, maintain the blood supply to the cord, encourage the body's immune system to clean up the debris around the injury and prevent what is called "cell suicide," in which nerve damage causes a cascade of death to neighbouring cells that weren't initially harmed. Fehlings' lab is working on preventing that secondary deterioration.

Accidents that damage the spinal cord rarely sever it completely. Two other areas of research seek to gain the most

function possible from what remains of the cord and to stimulate regrowth of damaged cells. Work at CORD in Vancouver and a spinoff company, Neuro Therapeutics Inc., is focusing on using immune cells taken from the blood to repair injured cords, an approach similar to the one in Israel. The Canadian company is about 18 months away from offering clinical trials.

In Montreal, Dr. Serge Rossignol has used a drug called clozapine to induce injured cats to make walking motions on a moving treadmill. But getting a person to walk again, says Rossignol, director of the Centre for Research in Neurological Sciences at the Université de Montréal, is still in the realm of "science fiction."

Any research that brings new hope thrills Rick Hansen, Paraplegic since the age of 15, when a truck accident damaged his spinal cord. Hansen wheeled around the world from 1985 to 1987 on the famous Man in Motion fund-raising tour. Now 45 and living in Richmond, B.C., with his wife and three daughters, he's president of

the Rick Hansen Institute, created in 1997 to aid the search for a cure for spinal cord injury. But Hansen makes it clear that his happiness doesn't depend on finding one. "If there was a cure for me personally to improve my level of function, I'd take it in an instant," he says. "But it wouldn't define me as a person. I have come to terms with the fact that I can be a whole person with a disability."

As Hugh Wiley sits in the sun talking about the twist his life has taken, he knows the science is progressing quickly. "It's better to have a spinal cord injury in the year 2000 than 10 years ago," he says. He's not entirely optimistic that any findings will change his situation much, now that his injury is seven months old. Instead, his hopes are focused on small goals: achieving more arm movement and getting his diaphragm to operate properly so he won't get pneumonia each time the kids bring home a cold. "Every day," he says, "I try to do a little more." ■

'I have come to terms with the fact that I can be a whole person with a disability,' says campaigner Rick Hansen



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Surf's up!



BY JOHN DEMONT

You have to want to ride the Big Kahuna very badly to go looking for it along the eastern shore of Nova Scotia. For starters, there's the ungodly wake-up time—4:30 a.m., even if you live in nearby Halifax—to get a morning in on the water before the onshore wind dies. There's also the dubious pleasure of hauling on a clammy wet suit in fog, rain and biting wind. You look like a real picker your way across to the beach, yet a layer of neoprene is a necessity in surf that barely tops 10° C in July.

But hey, dudes say it's worth it. Some of the purest waves on the eastern seaboard could be breaking before your eyes. And since this is laid-back, empty Nova Scotia rather than the "aggro" surf-spots for aggressive—war zones of California or Hawaii, those few marauders already bearing the sting of cold will actually be happy to see you paddling out to join them. "It can be lonely out there," says Nova Manse, 17,

a high school student in Halifax who hits the water on the eastern shore three or four times a week year-round. "You welcome the company."

It is this really what Annette Funicello and the Beach Boys had in mind? And what would the late Duke Kahanamoku say if he saw thrash dudes riding the tube off Nova Scotia's Cow Bay? The native Hawaiian and Olympic swimmer was a surfing ambassador early in the 20th century, introducing the sport from California to Australia to Europe. Back then, the Duke seemed reconciled that surfing's popularity depended on tropical climates, balmy waters and ideal conditions.

But that was before California surf-shop owner Jack O'Neill began selling wet suits in 1952. Now, in frigid Sevenson, New-way, they sell boards as fast as you can ship them in. The sport is so popular in England that the University of Plymouth offers a three-year degree in surf science and technology. And now on the Pacific coast as well as its Atlantic, Canada has its own

brand of hardy, weather-beaten surf culture. "It's a passion," says Calgary-born Don Doern, age 33, a service manager for a snowboarding company in Vancouver who travels around the world to surf. "And to follow that passion up here in Canada, you have to be extra-committed because it's not hard to do."

The drawbacks can be daunting for those used to warmer, more consistent spots along with Canada's iffy weather; there's the difficulty in reaching some of the out-of-the-way spots. The winding 216-km drive north to Tofino from Victoria, for instance, takes a full five hours. On the East Coast, the surf can be extremely fickle. The continental shelf extends anywhere from 125 to 200 km off Nova Scotia into the Atlantic Ocean, resulting in swells often as more than a metre or two high. Good surf can come and go in a day. For all that, Canada offers something unique: a backdrop of wild, unspoiled wilderness, the bracing thrill of riding a warmer wave among refrigerated ice cubes, and the exhilarating

The uncrowded waters off Canada's Atlantic and Pacific coasts have a unique appeal



Life's a beach for surfers who take to the ocean along the west coast of Vancouver Island. Plus there's the amazing backdrop.

prospect that around the next turn of coastline lies a superb break that hasn't been surfed before. "Hitting for the beach here is like stepping back in time to somewhere like the U.S.," says author and university professor Lesley Cheyco, a transplanted New Jersey native who lives and surfs in Lawrenceton, 20 km east of Halifax.

Make no mistake the scene is growing. Tofino, with a 22,000 population of 1,500 (it swells to 22,000 when the tourists and summer people arrive) has enough surfers to support three surf schools and at least two surf shops. That's more than in all of Nova Scotia, with its 70-or-so hard-core surfers. But on a given night in Halifax, one might hear Cheyco and the Surf Doers singing—with apologies to Bob Dylan—the East Coast's surfing unofficial anthem, *Nova Scotia Surf Song* (None).

*Cheerful in the air
shaping on his new rock
I'm on the headband
downing up a new band
surf wave sound track
anything but old back
jumping to the surf track
or driving in your Porsche.*

Admittedly, none like that won't leave Brian Wilson firing about his status as surf's rock god. But they do show how deeply the sport is etched in Nova Scotia's cultural consciousness. On one level, of course, surfers cool has always been about existing outside the mainstream. Canada is no different. Even in British Columbia, the national mecca with approximately 3,000 regular surfers, the sport remains a marginal subculture. The *Tasmanian British Columbia Web* site doesn't mention surfing as an attraction for visitors. Even the local surf mecca tends to have an indifferent feeling towards the sport. Surfers, at best the wandering ones who exchange regular jobs for a life of riding the curl, tend not to be big contributors to the local economy. Those who head for hot spots like Tofino, Wickanishish Beach or Florence Bay any for weeks, even months. But they live on the beach out of their cars, working menial jobs that allow them to surf whenever the waves are breaking right.

The upshot for surfers is places like Port Renfrew, 80 km northwest of Victoria, is a paid-down existence. The town of 300 is an eclectic mix of writers, fishermen and loggers. Surfers seem low in the pecking order. There's no surf shops, but a coffee shop that acts as a central gathering place instead, so in most Canadian surf spots, it's

since 1977. "There's a lot more people interested in surfing now."

News about Canada's wave action is rippling through surfing magazines and the "casualist" telegraph, the word-of-mouth route through which surfers discover where to go. In B.C., the influx has led to occasional bickering in the water or punch-ups in the parking lot at Canadian surfers become as timid as those on more crowded shores. "People are pretty uptight and protective of the wave here on the island," one surfer wrote accurately in a *Surfing Vancouver Island* Internet chat room. "Vandalism seems to have developed into a sport of its own here unfortunately, as has the sport-surf parking lot local 'aggro' arena."

Yet this is all surfing Canada-style and anybody who wants to avoid the hot heads certainly can. The relative peace, however, doesn't instantly nullify surfing's marginal Canadian popularity. "I've surfed all over the world," says Scott Forbes, 23, who makes surfboards in Cole Harbour, N.S., "and I have to say there's something special about being out on your board off Cow Bay in the middle of a snowstorm." Even if you need a layer of acceptance between you and the elements to do it.

With Paul Anthony in Tofino

Wanted: Local Hero

BY JAMES DEACON in Edmonton

I was the kind of night organizer most have dreamed of back when the world athletics championships were still in the planning stage. Under a pale blue night sky with the sun warning spectators in the car-side stands at Commonwealth Stadium well into the evening, there was a little magic on the field. The mighty German, Jan Rinkel, won his fifth world title over the strongest final group of decathlon drivers ever. Then Haile Gebrselassie of Ethiopia, perhaps the greatest distance runner in history, narrowly lost a bid for his fifth world championship when he was overruled in the home stretch of the 10,000 m by Kenyan Charles Koskei. A crowd of some 40,000, including packs of Ethiopians and Kenyans, urged the men around every one of the 25 laps, and stood cheering long after the thrilling, second-to-the-wire conclusion.

The gods were generally kind to Edmonton. There was no major organizational screwups. They had chambers of commerce, weekend, and edge-of-the-seat excitement from the best athletes from more than 200 countries for 10 straight days. There was juicy intrigue involving positive drug tests on unnamed competitors, and some high drama, too. Gabriela Sabatini of Romania, the diminutive star of middle-distance running, engaged in a nasty feud with fellow Romanian Seckley Vlasina, her chief rival in the 1,500 m. And she threatened to boycott the 5,000 m because Olga Yegorova of Russia had tested positive as an earlier test for EPO, a drug used to boost endurance, but was retested through a loophole. When Yegorova ran her first heat, two British athletes held her up, yelling "EPO cleans out" until security officers asked them to take it down. Great stuff.

A few visitors were not so kind. Robert Philip of London's *Daily Telegraph* called the city "Desdemona" and pointed his

the Alberta capital's self-proclaimed mascot, City of Champions. Thirsted civic boomers and some local media turned Philip into public enemy No. 1, just ahead of Edmonton. See columnist Terry Jones, who criticized the chemical component of the opening ceremonies. Residents just laughed it all off. "Who cares?" mechanic Ron Strobel said before taking his son one night. "You see all these people from all different places," he added, waving an arm towards the fans in his section, "and they're all cheering like crazy for their athletes. They're having fun, and that's what this is all about."

There was more thoughtful criticism from *The Times* of London, among others, about the decision by the IAAF, the sport's governing body, to award the championships to a smallish city with no nearly enough track-and-field fans to fill the 60,000-seat stadium. The average attendance was nearly 40,000 per day, but that left at least 30,000 empty seats staring out at folks watching on TV. Defending the decision at a mid-event press conference, he was Gyalis, general secretary of the IAAF, said the organization wanted to build a

North American audience to complement the event's huge popularity in Europe. "There's no problem, no thought that the IAAF is diminished" with the results in Edmonton, Gyalis said, adding, "Never before have the world championships been prepared and managed better."

The most savage indictment, though, was saved for the Canadian team, and it was partly self-inflicted. In only four days, aging sprinters Brian Scurr and Donovan Bailey, were injured and failed to make the finals. Up-and-comers fell short, too, leaving organizers with no homegrown hero to promote. If anything, there was the opposite sprout: Verolyn Clarke of Ontario, Ont., was the first athlete expelled from the championships after testing positive for the banned steroid stanozolol. So the euphoria that usually accompanies 10 days of remarkable sport was soured by domestic disappointment. High jumper Mark Boswell of Brampton, Ont., who was second at the 1999 world, walked disconsolately off the field after finishing out of the medals in Edmonton. "With a Canadian flag waving in his left knee, he thrusted at the obvious question, 'Everyone came to be on the podium,' he told reporters, "no, yeh, I'm disappointed."

It isn't a new sensation for Canadians. Bailey's 100-m strength and the relay team's 4 x 100 m gold medal at the 1996 Olympics is long gone. Canada's track-and-field contingent left the Summer Games in Sydney last fall without a medal, some result at the world indoor championships in Lisbon last March. And it isn't about to change soon. Bailey and Scurr are close to return, and it is plain in Edmonton that the next generation of Canadian men is still very young. Facing the expectations of the home crowd, Boswell, 24, finished seventh in the high jump, Jason Tunks, 26, was ninth in the decathlon.

In the gloom, though, there is promise of better times ahead. Deficit-reducing



The heat in Edmonton was fuelled by excitement and intrigue. Clarke (above) was expelled for drug use, while Boswell's Scurr (left) clashed with two rivals.

aid relief that something is finally being done. "We have turned the ship around," head coach Les Gomersall said last week. "We just need the fuel to get going again."

That may be too late for some team members. Children of the cutbacks, they made it on raw talent more than training, and there is still too little support for coaching and travel to competitors. For athletes, says high jumper Wanda May of Gresham, Ont., it usually comes down to money. "It always seems like complaining," the 26-year-old says. "But the fact is, this is my fifth competition this season. If I'd been jumping for Great Britain, I'd have been 15 or 20 years, and I'd have jumped a lot higher. The more you compare, the better you get."

That said, the young guys did not make excuses. The bulking Tunks, ranked fourth in the decathlon, has a few given more to a big smile than a frown, but he could not mask his upset after failing to make the finals in Edmonton. It hurt, and he was reaching in self-reproach, saying he "shook." Instead of focusing, he said, he was too aware of the home crowd, and of his buddy Boswell jumping at the other end of the stadium. "I was hoping I could do something special for the country," he said. "I didn't." Like others, though, Tunks could see some light at the end of Canada's dark tunnel. "We're young, we have a lot of time and a lot of talent," he said confidently. "We'll get there." ■

Struggling through tough times, Canadian athletes look for answers



Shabo was angered by his losses, but he is confident about the future.

contracts by the federal Liberals in the early 1990s galled Canada's already meagre sport system, so the high-profile blowout in Edmonton bolsters the argument that the system needs to be rebuilt on better footing. To some extent, that process is already under way. Athletics Canada has been marginalized, and Ottawa has committed more money to athletes, programs and facilities. And a survey of fans for structure sport. Dennis Codere is drafting a new national sport vision. Part of that plan focuses on the hardware: the facilities built for the worlds. For instance, will be converted into a national team training centre,

and Codere hopes to establish similar centres in Sherbrooke, Que., and in Atlantic Canada. "In the past," Codere said of the old sport system, "the left hand never knew what the right was doing. So you have to give a lot of credit to what the athletes did on their own."

It won't be a quick fix. With still limited funds, Codere and the various sport federations have to improve high-performance training for a small number of elite athletes without shortchanging local participation and grassroots initiatives. But while there are differing views on how to balance that tightrope act, there is a unanim-

Slow-burn Scariness

A supernatural thriller and a murder-blackmail saga get mixed results from old formulas

Out with obscurely budgeted extravaganzas, in with more modest divagations. As North Americans put their way into the second season of summer's dog days, smaller movies are arriving to the screen, offering slow-burn dramas instead of mind-frying effects. *The Others* is a supernatural thriller; *The Deep End* is a tale of murder and blackmail. The former boasts the raw power of Nicole Kidman; the latter offers bank doozy Gweneth Paltrow, who—like at least half the TV audience—has become one of the few reasons to watch the increasingly despicable actress ER. Both are more-than-serviceable entertainments, though on the originality scale *The Deep End* blows *The Others* out of the water.

THE OTHERS A gloomy mansion is perpetually shrouded in fog. To at the end of a dirt road is the middle of nowhere on the secluded Isle of Jersey, and two of those creepy guarded towns are from—the kind that seem to grow only in the Hollywood imagination. As SCTV's Grant Tinker would have said, "Ooooooh, kids, verrrrrry scary!" This tale of the supernatural comes with an entourage helping of horror clichés—the piano that plays by itself and the strange changing from the second floor, the knowing servants and the unchanged exterior of the mansion. The movie generates an adequate number of spine-tingling moments. But it also provides a sense of déjà vu, didn't we see this before in *The Changeling* and later in *The Fifth Element*, and, yes, doesn't that kid look a lot like Eddie Marsaver?

As the film opens, Grace (Kidman) welcomes three new domestics into her Victorian mansion home and in strange housekeeping protocols. All 500 must be kept locked, and the drapes must be shut at all times, since Grace's son and daughter are highly allergic to light. The entire family is in disarray because father (Christopher Eccleston), who went off to fight in the Second World War, has been missing for a year and a half. To top everything off, ex-lover little Anna (Alicia Marek) is having conversations with an invisible—but increasingly noisy—family.

Witless and invaded by Madrid-based Alejandro Amenabar, making his English-language debut, *The Others* is deliciously spooky. The party-funct children played by Mian and James



Mearns (left), Kidman and Devilly play the rugged shock of a family

Rowley are both frightening and frightened. Kidman, meanwhile, has perfected the cold stare the first displayed in *Dead Calm* (1999). Her Grace, whose grim sweater and funeral nails appear to have come from a design house called Charred, is a mix of nerve and vulnerability. But the actress seems hampered in by the predictable script, with its overlay of psychology-like and Romanian Catholicism. Or maybe she was just miserable about the impending breakdown of her marriage to Tom Cruise, who was one of her bosses on the movie as an executive producer.



Physical humour

What it is about hardness and American film comedy? Male bits seem to have all the bases covered, from the absurd to the body of the Coen brothers (the gross-out humour of the *Farewell to Mary*) to the semi-serious silliness of the *Worms* (American Pie). But just as the Coens tried something different with their latest, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, the other fraternal twins are moving on. Three years and a couple of no-asses comedies after *Mary*, the Farrellys are now aiming their bodily-function humor at children with *Onion* (see The Worms, meanwhile, have abandoned the boy-bludge-guns, leaving *American Pie 2* in the hands of James B. Rogers, who, coincidentally, acted as assistant director on both *American Pie* and *Mary*).

Onion is a half live-action, half animation, part *Back Home*, part *Toy Story*. And it's set in the body of Bill Murray—which is just as creepy as getting into the head of John Malkovich. Murray plays Frank, a disheveled single father and bookkeeper with a ghastly appetite. When he poops a hard-boiled egg in his mouth, the camera follows it down the hatch and into the animated City of Frank. There, upstanding "citizens" such as red and white blood cells live alongside a large population of gross-out-social scum. The mayor resides in the brain; the airport is located in the stomach and the mothers take a sauna bath in the armpit.

When a cold war, Dr. Omelette Jones—a

white blood cell voiced by Chris Rock—is partnered with Special Agent Dina Borno (David Hyde Pierce), a 12-hour cold-relief pill Frank has ingested. This aims to offer immediate, yet temporary relief, while Jones wants to get to the root of

delivered in a humorous, palatable way. While *Onion* taps the colon, um, and waits for jokes, *American Pie 2* goes for masturbation, butt gas and public urination. The original *Pie*—about a teenage boy's prolonged quest to lose his virginity—was surprisingly funny and even endearing, wooing the audience with irreverent characters. Everyone's back for the sequel, but that movie drops the face-play and goes straight for the nooky, with Jim (Jason Biggs) getting lucky in the opening scene. And gone, for the most part, are the moments of innocent silliness that endeared the first installment. *Pie 2* does offer some first-time vulgar laughs and a chance to reunite with old friends, especially Jani's dad as played by Eugene Levy. But it's a major disappointment. Of course, that's only to be expected: the second time is never as memorable as the first.

Shanda Doid

THE DEEP END Beau Hall is a dream son, handsome, sweet and a gifted trumpet player with a good chance of gaining admission to a prestigious college. He has also recently discovered his libido, and he performs. Beau (Jonathan Tucker) has plunged into the deep end, getting involved with Darcy Reese (Josh Lucas), the disheveled owner of a gay nightclub—and drunkenly coughing his ear on the way home from a night. Margaret Hall (Tilda Swinton), otherwise

fresh contemporary spin with Beau's sexuality and Margaret's tough devotion to her three children. She actually changes appointments with her blackmailer so she can just go to the club. Swinton's grave beauty and low-key delivery make her character memorable, though two-thirds of the way through I wasn't exactly buying all that tragedy. As for Christian name Vierge, well, the combination of mystery and killer looks that makes Dr. Luke knows as Mori, is not happy. Then, all hell breaks loose when Margaret finds Darcy's body on the shore of the family's Lake Tahoe residence. Suspecting her son of the murder, Margaret—who until officer husband is very at sea—also gets in over her head, dumping the body in the lake. But the nightmare deepens with the arrival of blackmailer Nick Spier (Vincent), who has a case of Beau and Darcy's illegitimacy.

The whole murder-blackmail scenario has become verifiably stale, but writer-director Scott McGehee and David Siegel (Swain) have given it a



Swinton (left) and Vierge in a nightmareish short

Kovacs on ER as appealing remains intact on the big screen. He makes his blackmailer's attacks of conscience credible. But what were the filmmakers thinking when they had Nick chased Dr. Kovacs to perform cardiopulmonary resuscitation on Margaret's fetus-in-lieu?

Near the end, the movie verges on schlock. But overall, *The Deep End* is intriguing. Lilies swim in Lake Tahoe, one of the world's deepest, it's cool, refreshing and more than a little scary.

Patricia L. Harty

In *Onion* Jones, Murray (left) crams junk food into his cartoonish bubble



Frank's poor immunity. Outside the body, Frank's daughter, Shane (Eliza Finkler), worries that her dad, like her mom, will die from bad eating habits. While Shane's fear might score a little screen for a kid's movie, the movie's anti-junk-food message is



Lebel's Pacific Ocean is part of an ongoing interest in the subject of water

Entertainment Notes

Springs of creativity

The public on the gallery floor is in accord: a small look from a fourteenth-century by Toronto artist Eldon Garnet. In the understated work, titled *Book of Signs*, water spouts, like wisdom, from the pages of a book, then trickles over a chair and into a shallow pond. Garnet—one of 20 artists in Pool, a group exhibition in the York Quay Gallery at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre (to Sept. 16)—managed to turn the overflow below opening day. But water continues to bubble up, at least metaphorically in Canadian galleries. Pool and another current show in Edmonton up into contemporary art's increasing interest in water. Among the artists from across

the country featured in Pool is Ottawian James Lebel, whose *Pacific Ocean* shows the flux of the sea in a glass-based oil painting that floats between realism and abstraction. And in a haunting self-portrait, Toronto photographer Janeta Byre lies on a weedy bed of flowers and lace, a modern Ophelia.

Meanwhile in River City at the Edmonton Art Gallery (to Oct. 28), water takes on a more spiritual dimension in new installations and photographs by four prominent artists. Alberta's Peter van Toorenburg's skeletal boats, constructed on-site out of scrap aluminum, ache with a yearning for another time or place. In contrast, an installation by Mexican artist Yolanda Garza—1,500 water-filled glass balls, suspended from the ceiling with fishing line—creates a profound sense of peace. Ultimately, the essence of water remains elusive, but the artists in Pool and River City leave some reasonable reflections.

War and peace

Three hundred years ago this month, the colony of New France and the leaders of 39 First Nations concluded one of the most important—and least known—treaties in Canadian history. In *The Great Peace of Montreal of 1701* (McGill-Queen's UP), French historian Gilles Havard provides a fascinating portrait of the diplomatic manoeuvres and delicate month-long ceremonies that resulted in an era of relative peace and political equality. The death, in mid-negotiations, of the Huron chief Kaudamonic was mourned by his Iroquois enemies as well as French and native allies. He was given an elaborate funeral in Notre Dame Church, and in the atmosphere of reconciliation that followed, the treaty was signed, recognizing the Iroquois chief that had hung over French Canada for almost the whole of its existence.



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ACTING A LA CARTE

Vancouver megastar Don Rickles' latest novel, *Motor Aircraft Securities*, focuses on a neurotic but brilliant intelligence-crime reporter, based on Rickles' real-life colleague Salim Abu, at the Vancouver Phoenix. Finding the right actor to play Jimmie in a TV movie was about as arduous as the character's work in crime detection. Last year, the producers of *Jimmie an Orphan* Pizzini 911, riding on CBC this coming season, spent seven months trying to cast the lead role. Then, in November, Shimada—an actor-turned-restaurantier who, like Jimmie, uses only one name—was working at his first-restaurant in Windsor, Ont., when his agent called for the first

time in three years. The 40-year-old Toronto-based actor had left a successful acting career in England to run his father-in-law's award-winning restaurant, Mission District Asian House, which he says serves "contemporary Canadian cuisine with French and British accents." When he read the script, "I knew that I had to do it for many reasons." Shimada's eye of the murder mystery, which plots on the discovery of chained human remains in a pizza oven, "This film has a great deal of humanity and heroes who aren't deterred by skin colour." Once the Vancouver shoot is finished this month, Shimada will return to his restaurant where, he laughs, pizza will never be served.

From misadventure
in playing a sleuth

Best Sellers	
Fiction	LAST WEEK
1. THE FOURTH DEAD, Jane Harper (H)	1
2. MIA WINTER, Jilly Cooper (H)	2
3. A TASTE OF DEATH, Danielle Steele (H)	3
4. THE WIFE GARDEN, Jane Harper (H)	4
5. LACROIX AND HIS WIFE, Jacqueline	5
6. UNDER THE SKIN, Neil Gaiman (H)	6
7. GIVE ME, Jilly Cooper (H)	7
8. PETER RABBIT, Sue Garrow (H)	8
9. HEART IN THE DARK, T.C. Lewis (H)	9
10. THE BURNING MAN, David	10
Nonfiction	
1. THE BURNING MAN, David	1
2. THE BURNING MAN, David	2
3. THE BURNING MAN, David	3
4. THE BURNING MAN, David	4
5. THE BURNING MAN, David	5
6. THE BURNING MAN, David	6
7. THE BURNING MAN, David	7
8. THE BURNING MAN, David	8
9. THE BURNING MAN, David	9
10. THE BURNING MAN, David	10



Allan Fotheringham

The way Ralph sees it

Well, Ralph Klein, since you're now the Big Daddy of the Wagon Train, what did it feel like to be the premier's confidant in Victoria, you being the steersman of that gang?

"I realized it was my 10th. I was thinking who I've gone through: Clyde Wells, Brian Tobin and now Graham Fraser. Now Scott? Savage, Russ MacLellan and now John Harris. In New Brunswick, McKenna, two francophone premiers, Bernard Lord. In P.E.I., Catherine Callbeck and Brian Quigley. In Ontario, Bortoluzzi, Landry, Bob Rae and Harris. In Manitoba, Filmon and Doc. In Saskatchewan, Romanow and now Lorne Calvert. In British Columbia—my god!—Hastings, Don Miller, Johnson, Clark, Donough and now Campbell. Plus in leaders in the Territories and Yukon. Not to mention five opposition leaders in Alberta."

The last time we talked, in Grande Prairie, you said you had never met Bernard Landry. What's your impression now?

"I can tell you, I'm quite impressed with the man. Quite impressed with his contribution to this meeting. He's a full participant, much like Bortoluzzi. He doesn't come across as the domestic sort of politician that some people portray him. He's very reasonable, very thoughtful in his comments. A very pleasant guy. We had some good conversations."

People believed that Stockwell Day was your boy?

"Stockwell was I encouraged him to run. Yes, I backed him against Preston Manning."

The impression now is that Stock is not your boy?

"Well, I support Stock—let's put it that way. I support the Stock I know. I have a hard time supporting the Stock I now know of."

Why? Explain that?

"The Stock I knew was our party whip when I first went into politics in 1989. When I became premier, I made him a minister and then provincial treasurer. He was always a good minister. Very loyal. Had a knack of pulling the caucus together. I thought he would be a good candidate. But then something changed and I don't know what changed. Maybe it's the Ottawa environment. Maybe it's living in Saskatoon."

Not ready for the big leagues?

"I don't know. You really have to be prepared to go against a



pro-life Christian. You know what the Prime Minister said: 'I've been through seven of them now.' What causes a fracture, what causes a side-scan, I really don't know. There's a fracture, a sickness in the Alliance movement and ultimately it comes back to the leader. I haven't talked to Stock about this and I don't intend to."

When was the last time you talked to him?

"The last time I talked to him, he appeared in Edmonton about two months ago for a fund-raiser for one of my wife's charities. Stock did the announcing and he does a good job. God, Stock was a fun guy, full of life. You talk to him, former Red Deer constituency, they loved him."

The public perception is the watershed of opinion on Stockwell came with that judgment that the Alberta campaign was much the failure over his liberal case studies. You called it "obscene."

"It had nothing to do with the settlement itself. I have to be very careful about this. The settlement wasn't that high. It was \$70,000. What I found 'obscene' was the amount that the lawyers charged on both sides."

You were attacking the legal profession?

"I am not going to say anything about lawyers. You want to talk about journalism, fine."

Talking about Stock, you'd like to write the right. How much have his problems lifted that chance?

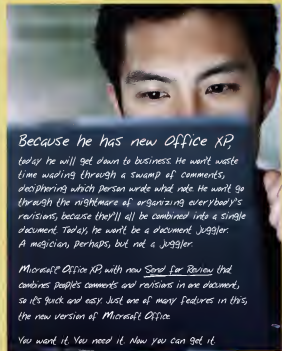
"I think the fracture in this party has undermined the ability of that party to bring the conservative movement together. All the controversy surrounding Stock's leadership, the departure of 12 members of caucus, the discord within the provincial executive and the caucus—all the things that make that party rich have fallen apart. That's unfortunate. That's one of the reasons why I supported Stock and the Alliance. That was the way to go. But you can't do it unless you have a machine that is running smoothly. And this is a broken machine."

Can you see the right ever happen unless Joe Clark as president?

"Joe is a crafty, crafty politician. He saw the fracture. He's moving very carefully, very methodically. He's not with me. Do you mind, he said, if he sends one of his MPs—let's be frank, it's Peter Mackay—to meet with my MLA?"

But is there any chance of uniting the right while Joe leads the Tories?

"First of all, I like Joe. To answer your question directly, no."



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